Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1667.

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THE BYSTANDER, NOVEMBER 27, 1935.

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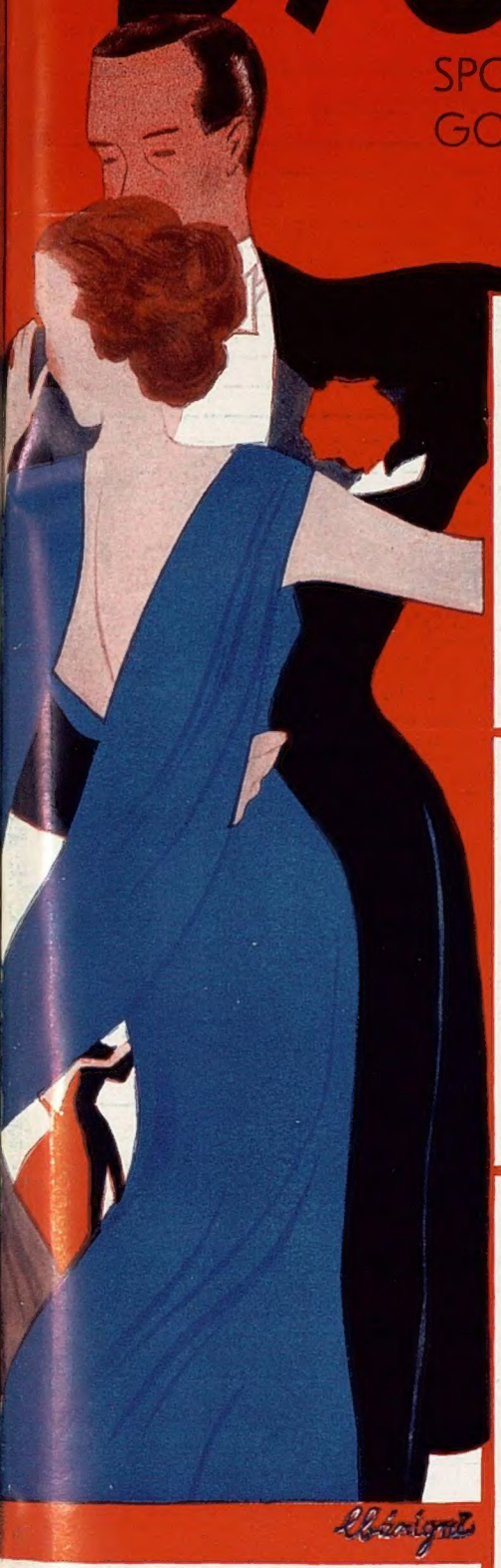

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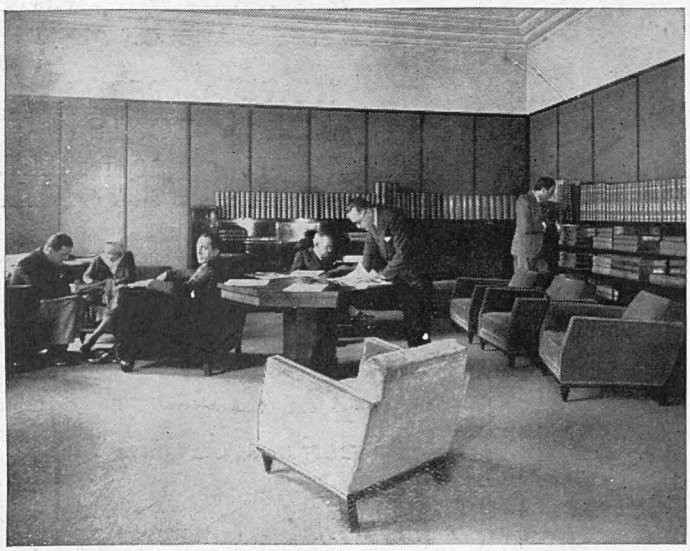

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The Bystander, November 27, 1935

No. 1667. Vol. CXXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Fayer of Vienna. Dorland House

LADY GEORGIANA CURZON—TO-DAY'S BRIDE

To-day Earl and Countess Howe's only daughter becomes Lady Georgiana Kidston when she marries Lieut. Home Kidston, of the Royal Navy. She's a lovely girl: not such an acknowledged beauty as her mother, but among her contemporaries nevertheless a beauty, and it's a loss for London wedding-watchers that she has chosen to be married from her family's Buckinghamshire place, Penn House. She is wearing white velvet, with sleeves lined with Plantagenet blue, and her two bridesmaids, Patricia Lowry-Corry and Livia Paravicini, and three child attendants, Belinda and Jeremy Bellville and Archibald Kidston, niece and nephews of the bridegroom, are in the same colour scheme

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 130

W. E. Rootes

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

In a lounge suit Billy Rootes looks exactly like an International scrum-half. His dominant thumbs, piercing eyes, and sturdy shoulders all suggest the All-England "Rugger" player; an effect further accentuated by the way he walks slightly on his heels, as if his calves were going to be partly muscle-bound one day. In a tail-coat he looks the international play-boy to the last button, despite his fine forehead. And, indeed, he enjoys life to the full. That is what comes, of course, of turning your hobby into your career and, moreover, learning the most difficult art of all—delegation of authority.

Born at Goudhurst, in Kent, forty-one years ago, he is the son of an engineer who, as far back as 1898, owned a 3½-horse-power New Orleans, a remarkable vehicle with a flat belt which had to have resin put on whenever it stopped. It was in this predecessor of all the Sunbeams, Talbots, Commers, Karriers, Humbers, and Hillmans that Billy Rootes had his first drive—from Hawkhurst to Cranbrook. Meantime, at school, he found only four subjects which appealed to him—but they have formed the entire background of his dazzling career. They were chemistry, physics, mathematics, and geography. His engineering knowledge is based on physics and the school laboratory. His commercial career found its origin in his ability to read and absorb figures. His desire to trade with the world and thus be justified in travelling comes from his early love of geography.

His first job was with Singer's at Coventry. His first motor-bike was a Kerry Abingdon. Soon he blossomed out in the competition world, and for two years took part in all the six-day trials and 24-hour reliability tests. During the war he served in the R.N.V.R. But the turning-point of his career was in 1928, when he and his brother acquired control of Humber, Limited, by merging this company with Hillman's. Since then there has been no stopping this remarkable pair, who now control eighteen different manufacturing, distributing, financial, and property companies.

To-day Billy Rootes lives at Claridge's and at Stype Grange, near Hungerford. It is typical of the man's love of creating that he waited until he could buy a place in the country that had been burnt down, so that he could erect and design his new home and transform the garden. For his chief relaxation is landscape gardening, and his hobby is design. To cut down a tree and expose an entirely new and lovely vista fascinates him—and no wonder: that is what he has been doing throughout his business career. Particularly he likes azaleas, maples, cherry-trees, and all forms of shrubbery. His other characteristics include a refusal to back horses except at point-to-points when he is present; a fondness for fingering his tie when in thought; a curious nervous silence for the first few minutes when in new company; a magnificent memory for faces, names, and background; and a genuine kindheartedness. His favourite phrases in business are "You see my point?", "That's grand," and "I agree."

Well, there he is with his broad smile, long upper lip, white teeth, resounding laugh, good-looking wife, two sons at Harrow, proud father, and permanent suite at Claridge's. But you would never guess that he has had to work for everything he has got. He looks far too young and cheerful.

Mrs. Ernest Guinness and Mrs. Patrick Davidson

The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness is the mother of the three Guinness sisters, Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Oonagh Kindersley. She and Mrs. Patrick Davidson were at the chairman's table, the chairman of the Ball committee being Lady Dufferin and Ava

Celebration

Good Conservatives at the Primrose League Victory Ball

Lady Bridget Parsons and a Mystery Man

He wasn't really very mysterious, though; if that large white hand wasn't there, Mr. Mark Ogilvy-Grant would be. He and Lord Rosse's sister danced together at Grosvenor House, where the Primrose League Victory Ball was held

Lord Stanley and Mrs. Baldwin

Lord Stanley is a champion Conservative; he's been M.P. for the Fylde Division of Lancaster since 1922, got a 23,000-odd majority this time. He and Mrs. Baldwin were supper-neighbours; she was president of the Ball

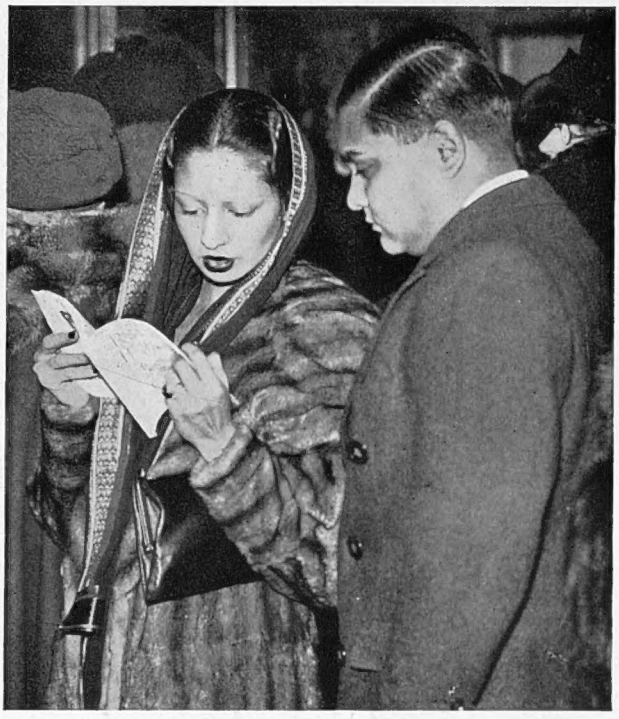
Lady Ursula Manners was in the Dufferins' enormous party, and sat next Sir Alfred Beit, who is Member for South-East St. Pancras for the second time

Looking "Through" Pictures

At the Royal Portrait Society's Show

"*What* Was *There, Was Good*"

And he doesn't look as if that was meant as very high praise. But Maurice Codner's portrait of George Robey is "to the life," and perhaps the sitter didn't know how fiercely he was looking at the artist as the camera passed by



The Prince of Nepal and Princess Bishnu of Nepal went to the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton and her daughter, Mrs. Eion Merry, were two of the picture-gazing crowd at the private view

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson were among the exceptions who looked "at" the pictures, and not "through" the pictures "at" the people. It was the "Times" that drew this nice distinction in its notice of the Exhibition. And, less literally, isn't it true of most Mayfairian artistic interests? Anyway, the Exhibition is at the Royal Institute Galleries until the end of next week

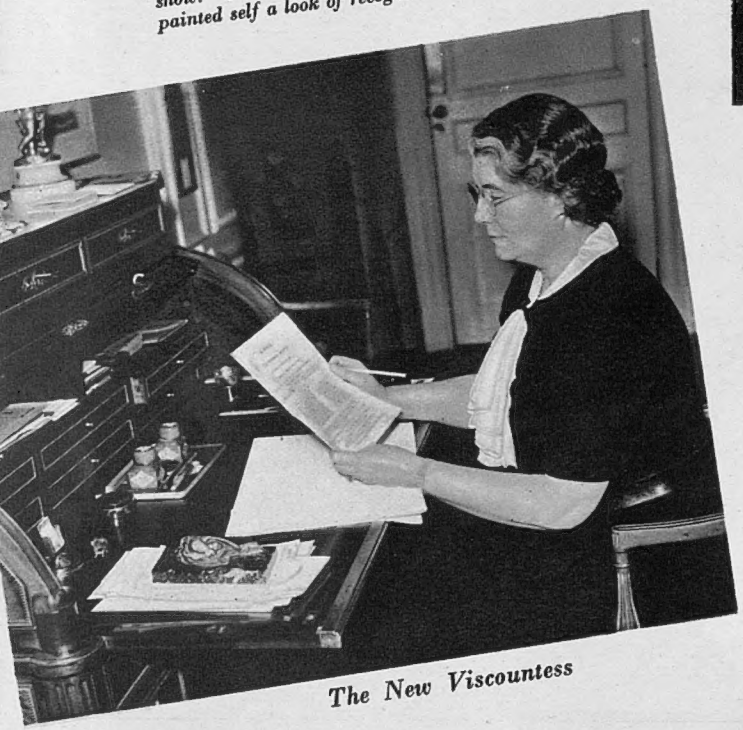
Peter North

THE VISCOUNTESS MILTON: A RED CROSS BALL PATRONESS

Here is a new portrait of Lady Milton, looking very austerely attractive in her dark dress with its white bib-jabot. Her name is one on the huge list of patronesses and committee of the Red Cross Ball which takes place to-night at Grosvenor House, and to which it's almost impossible not to be going, so endless are the parties being given for it. Lady Milton and her husband are only migrants from Yorkshire to London now hunting has started, as Lord Milton is Master of the Derwent

Lady Mount Temple and Her Picture

Lady Mount Temple has been painted by Flora Lion, and the picture is in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' show. She went to the private view last week and gave her painted self a look of recognition as she went round the rooms



The New Viscountess

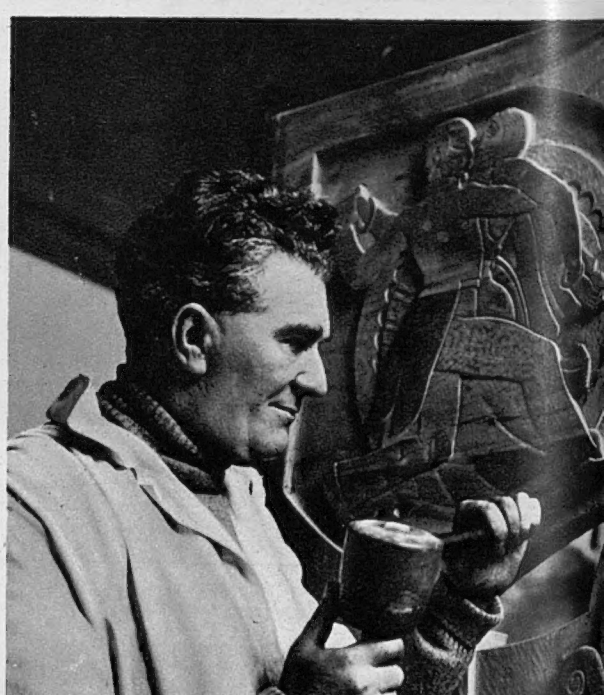
Left: Lady Cunliffe-Lister, whose husband is one of the two new Viscounts, was photographed at her Lygon Place desk last week. She is chairman of the Victoria League Ball, which takes place at the Dorchester on December 5th; as it is run without an organiser, she and her committee work terrifically hard, and always make it very much of a good party

The Defeated MacDonalds Prepare To Fight Again

Above: Malcolm MacDonald and his father held a council of war in Hampstead after their defeats at Bassetlaw and Seaham. Prophets who foretold that Ramsay MacDonald would go to the Lords were proved wrong by his better decision to fight again for a seat in the Commons. So they'll both be battling with by-elections before long

Below, left: Leslie Banks was being sketched by Honor Earl in his dressing-room between acts of "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." Honor Earl (the Hon. Mrs. Sebastian Earl in private life) is having an exhibition just now at 10, Berkeley Square of her portrait-sketches of stage and film stars

Below: James Woodford working on his panels for the Queen Mary's smoke-room. The dancer in "tails" on the panel caused a sartorial stir in sea-going circles as it's not the thing to be so dressed up on board ship. But Mr. Woodford thought nothing less was good enough for the Queen Mary



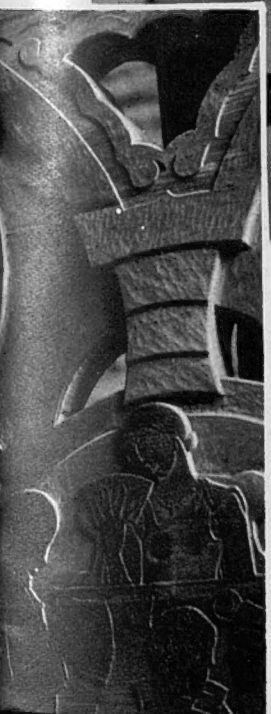
Organising Stars

Leslie Henson is organising the All-Star Royal Matinée at the Coliseum on December 16th; he and Lady Maureen Stanley, the chairman, and Lady Dunedin were at a committee meeting at Mrs. Ronald Greville's house. The King and Queen are going to the matinée, which is in aid of the King George Pension Fund

Debut of a Poetess

Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall has just published her first book of poems, "Echoes of Thought." She is twenty, was a deb of 1933, and is the only daughter of Naomi, Lady Houstoun-Boswall, who has a lovely house in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park

ROUNDABOUT



Beauty Parlour at a Christmas Market

Miss Teresa Jungman was a saleswoman and Mrs. Simon Harcourt-Smith was one of her customers at the Beauty Parlour Stall of the Christmas Market which was held at the May Fair last week in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital

Right: Sarah Churchill, Winston Churchill's second daughter, is going into the chorus of the new Cochran revue, "Follow the Sun." She has studied dancing and this is to be her first stage experience. She was photographed at a rehearsal, looking through the script with two of her "mates"

Miss Sarah Churchill—Chorus Girl

GOING OUT

Duke and Duchess

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon went to the dinner and dance given by Dunlop's last week. The Duke succeeded when his father died in the summer; he and his wife, who was Elizabeth Hudson, were married in 1927

Capt. A. E. Grant and Miss Bridget Herbert

Captain Allister Edward Grant is the son of the late Sir Charles and Lady Florence Grant, and was in the 9th Lancers. Bridget Herbert is the daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert, and the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert, of Pixton Park, Dulverton. They were married at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street

A Vivid and Unusual Type

We went to a cocktail-party given by the Hon. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton to see C. R. W. Nevinson's paintings at the Cooling Galleries.

The portrait of the hostess herself is one of the most interesting in the collection, and we wonder that artists don't all clamour to paint Wanda. Her beauty is of such an unusual and vivid type that one can think of no one in the least like her.

Mrs. Rose Horlick was there that day, another girl with a quite unusual sort of attractiveness, and her sister, Pamela Nicholl, who arrived with that good-looking young American, Ned Bulkeley. He belongs to the Ritz world of London, Paris, and New York, and has a super motor-car fitted up with a cocktail-bar, wireless, and perhaps even a back-gammon board.

Helen Lady Adare we also saw there. She is thinner and in great good looks these days. Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Tredegar, and Mr. A. P. Herbert were other notabilities who caught our eye.

Coping With a 'Flu Germ

Half London seems to be laid up with 'flu, chills, and tiresome minor ailments. Pretty Molly Bishop, whose one-girl portrait show opened last Monday at Breves Lalique Galleries, has been coping with a 'flu germ for several dreary weeks. Her sitters in this exhibition include Princess Catherine of Greece, the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, Lady Moira Combe, Lady Veronica Hornby, and Lady Ashley.

Lenare

Miss Patience Piggott-Brown

Is Sir John Piggott-Brown's younger sister and a deb of two seasons ago. She is on the Junior Committee of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball on December 9th at Grosvenor House in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital Association

Lord Donegall has been laid up with a bad chill and a touch of jaundice as the result of taking part in the Lord Mayor's Show, and Alistair Villiers—who was in the Grenadiers and now works hard in a real estate business—is in a nursing-home with a septic throat. Poor little Diana Henry, a really hard-working, society shop-girl, has been, and, we are afraid, still is, seriously ill. Only in the last few days has there been any hope of her recovery. She is a charming little thing, tremendously keen on racing, and works in the famous Davies Street hat-shop that can boast Mrs. Colclough, Bridget Smith Dorrien, Rose Bingham (that was), and lovely "Smut" Sammut among its distinguished vendeuses.

Silver Lacquered Heads

The Black and White Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic was great fun, and one realised that women should always wear black or white and never anything else.

An enormous number of white wigs were in evidence, but, becoming as they are, they exaggerate the size of the head, which rather ruins the effect. Silver lacquer sprayed on to natural hair is better, and we noticed some entrancing steely coiffures. Irene Mann-Thompson, who is always one of the prettiest girls in any assembly, went on to the Four Hundred in her white curls.

It was there that we ran into two of the most famous beauties of the original batch of Dorchester Follies, Zandra Rambeau and Betty Sundmark, who arrived over here about ten days ago on a visit from New York.

It Means a Fiver

That famous "below-stairs" amusement, "Vingt-et-Un," is enjoying a fantastically smart revival at many week-end house-parties we have heard of recently, and it is played every night

to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Mr. Olof Wijk and Miss Rosemary Glyn

Olof Eric Haakon C. Wijk, late 4th Hussars, son of the late C. O. Wijk, of Gothenburg, Sweden, and Lady Barnes, of Oakhay Barton, Devon, and Rosemary Glyn, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. St. Leger Glyn, and Mrs. Frank Ramsay, of Holbrook Hall, Sudbury, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Dr. Saunderson Morrison and Miss van Raalte

Eric Saunderson Morrison and Gonda van Raalte were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Saunderson Morrison, of Hallaton, Market Harborough, and she is the daughter of Noel van Raalte, of Bursledon, Hants, and a niece of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden

to the exclusion of everything else. It 's fun and a gamble, and makes no demand on the intelligence of anyone except the unfortunate keeper of the book. Banks start primly with a two-shilling limit, but after a round or two shilling chips " mean a fiver," and hundreds of pounds change hands in an evening.

Settling becomes more and more serious, and young men (particularly) are incurable optimists. Women are not nearly such gamblers at heart—a fact that is plainly apparent in any Casino.

"Her Best Friends Can't Tell Her"

PERHAPS we are easily amused, but the following remarks have made us laugh during the last few days.

First of all, there was the young man who, on meeting his stepfather, said : " I wish you could persuade your wife to be more polite to me " ! Then the description of Penelope Dudley Ward's dress of quilted white satin as " a mixture of a four-poster and the Carioca," and finally, the cynic who, in summing-up his women friends, said : " It 's extraordinary that they would rather be accused of that which advertisements describe as ' Her best friends can't tell her,' ' Always a bridesmaid, never a bride,' etc., etc., than possessing no sex appeal ! "

Airing Their Diamonds

WE recommend the Embassy on an off-night. There is room to dance and the band is so good. On Thursdays, its big night, the crush is terrific. People just go to see and be seen, to air their new clothes and diamonds, and to find out " who he is out with " !

On one of the more peaceful nights last week we found the Michael Arlens there (she is so pretty, her small-sized head being one of her most attractive attributes) ; Sir Hugh Seely, the conquering hero of Berwick-on-Tweed ; and Mr. Rupert Bullville, who likes bell-fighting (work it out !), with that attractive American, Countess Zoppoli.

Atmosphere of Big Business

LUNCHING there another day we found two blondes in halos, Mrs. Jimmie Harris (English) and Mrs. Leverton (American), also one of the handsomest women in England, Mrs. Percy Bennet ; one of the best-dressed visitors to this country, Mrs. Goldman, who is tall, fair, German, and great fun ; and Mrs. Archie Campbell, the only hatless beauty in sight. The menfolk of the Marks and Spencer clan lunch there almost daily, bringing an atmosphere of big business into those night-club surroundings.

Lady Warwick, in an amusing " Mickey Mouse " hat, and a coat with grey fur sleeves, was lunching with Stephen Raphael, whom we tried in vain to inveigle to a charity gambling gala. He was going to the Ring to see all-in wrestling, and that was that.

A Noticeable Suit

MR. and Mrs. Quintin Gilbey gave a grand cocktail-party on Wednesday last—" grand " in the best sense of the word : masses of drink, all the most amusing people, and not a chair in sight. Pola Negri was there. She is off to St. Moritz, and then going to make pictures over here. Captain and Mrs. James Hennessey and Captain Brinckman, a trio rarely seen at six-ish parties, arrived at the same moment we did. Eddie Ward, too, and Lords Ashley and Donegall. Freddie Childe and Captain " Jumbo " Jolliffe discussed the wine trade in the hall ; Bobbie Cunningham Reid was beseiged with congratulations. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, whose exquisite skin was as

Bertram Park

Miss Jean Innes-Ker

Is joint chairman with Patricia Berry of the Versailles Ball Junior Committee ; the Ball is on December 10th at Halkin House, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. She is Lord Alastair Innes-Ker's daughter, and a cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe

GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON (Continued)

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Parkinson Smith

Were married last week at St. Mary's, Holly Place, Hampstead. She was Peggy Mitchell Banks, daughter of Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks by his first wife, who died in 1924. He is better known as Norman Parkinson, the photographer

Table for Two

Miss Zandra Rambeau and Mr. Terence Weldon were having supper at Grosvenor House. She was one of the first lot of "Les Girls," who came over to the Dorchester; this time she's in London on a visit

noticeable as the stripes of her husband's suit, was one of the best-dressed women there. There were lots of others, including Mme. Dubonnet, Mrs. Everard Gates, and lovely Essex Drury.

Public Favourites

FAREWELL to the Yacht Club Boys, public favourites one, two, three, and four. We went to their last big night at the Café, packed as usual.

Barbara Hutton, Countess von Haugwitz Reventlow, and husband, were supping with Lady Milbanke in a head-dress and scarf of red velvet. The Countess is thinner, paler, and, if anything, even more attractive. We can't begin to tell you who was there that night; who wasn't would be easy.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with the longest shingle in the room, worn and borne bravely for film purposes; little "Dot" Hyson (Mrs. Robert Douglas), with husband, both recently returned from the States, where they both scored personal successes in an unsuccessful play. Cary Grant was with them, dark and passionately good-looking.

A blonde and a brunette descending the stairs, both in white satin—Lady Castlerosse and Lady Doria Childe. A long table on the floor, at which were seated the Michael Duffs (or Assheton-Smiths), Charlie Birkin, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Michael Renshaw, and Mme. Vladimir Provotoroff, slim and smart in a crinkled white dress.

First Exhibition

Miss Vivienne John is Augustus John's youngest daughter; she is having her first exhibition at Cooling's Galleries. She is still under twenty, and has never shown any of her work before

Lingfield Afternoon

The Hon. Mrs. Joan Guinness and Prince Aly Khan were racing at Lingfield. If it wasn't raining, it was just going to rain, and only the confirmed regulars were out

Smugglers' Tavern

THE private life of a film star is always intriguing, but few can achieve such a picturesque background as lovely blonde Anna Lee, who lives in an old sixteenth-century house on the other side of the river.

Its name is Cardinal's Wharf, and legend has it that it was once a famous tavern and the meeting-place of smugglers, with a dungeon leading down to the river and all.

Miss Lee is married to Mr. Robert Stephenson, the brilliant young director.

After dining the other night in these enchanting riverside surroundings, we proceeded to the May Fair Hotel, where Miss Tilly Marks very hospitably entertained her friends.

Such a good party. Renée Houston really is the perfect cabaret star, *and* the Yacht Club Boys. Could one ask for more?

Some of the prettiest women were dressed in white, Lady Plunket with shoulder-straps of lilac, and Anita Prinsep, amazingly slim, with a gardenia in her hair.

It Was No Casino

ON from there to the charity gambling party at Sunderland House. Anything more decorous, more elderly, more well-behaved it would be hard to imagine. If one went to one of these parties expecting any of the fun or gaiety of a Casino, what disillusionment!

The charity probably reaped a substantial benefit, but the staidness of it all, and the fact that we could not win a cent, drove us home yawning to bed around 4 a.m.

MISS PEEPS

The Hon. Jean Elphinstone
Is Engaged to John Lycett Wills

Three Engagements

Photographs by Lenare and Navana

Miss Charlotte Younger
Is Engaged to Lord Reay

Charlotte Younger *is the only daughter of the late William Younger, and Mrs. Younger, of Ravenswood, Melrose, so the Scottish bride that was prophesied for Lord Reay was right. He is more Dutch than Scottish, his place is Ophemert, in Gelderland, and one of his baronies is Dutch, but his Scots one dates from 1628, and Clan Mackay claims him as its Chief. The engagement was announced about two weeks ago*

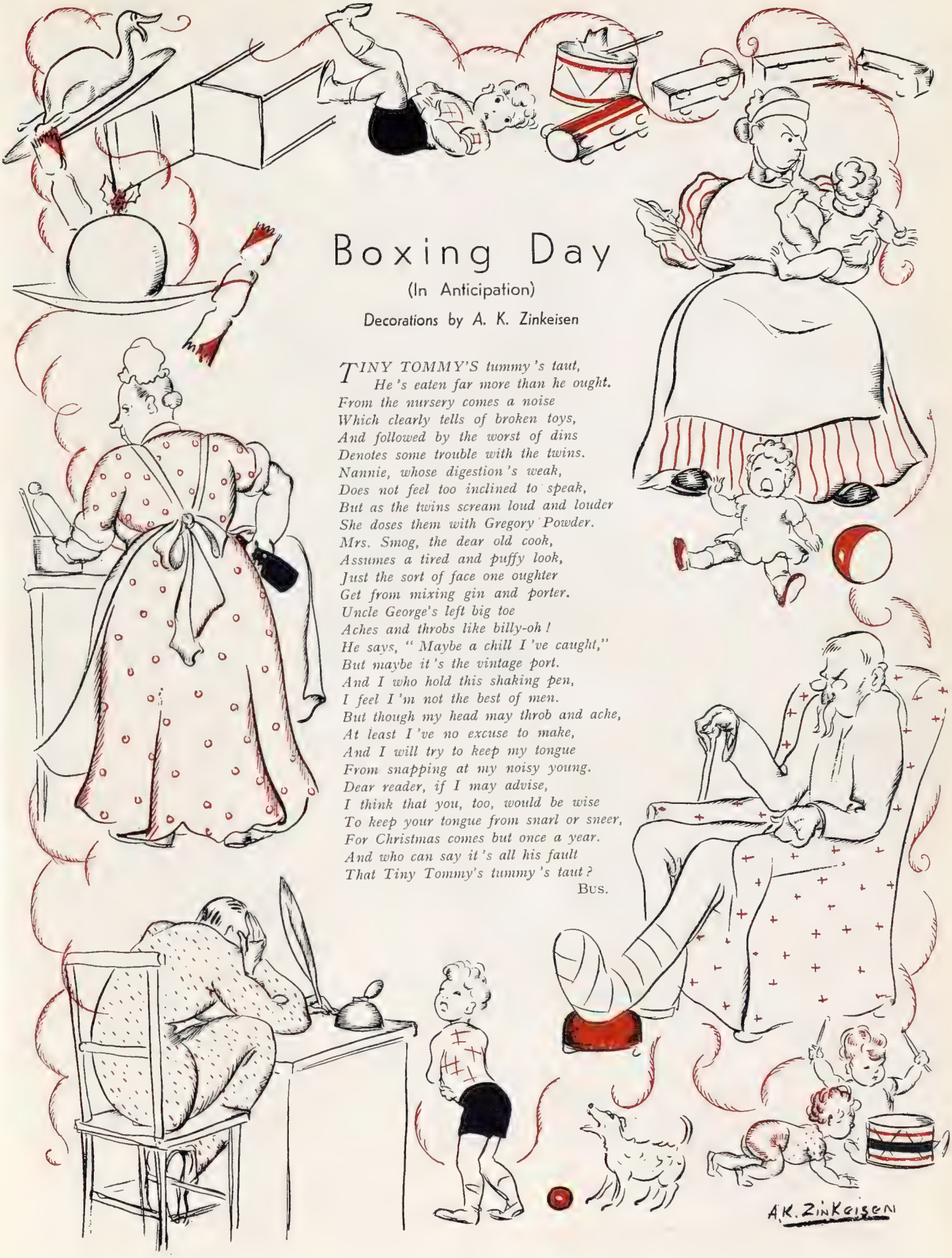
The Hon. Jean Elphinstone *is Lord and Lady Elphinstone's second daughter and a niece of the Duchess of York, and is twenty this year. She is engaged to John Lycett Wills, Life Guards, second son of Capt. and Mrs. Arnold Wills, of Thornby Hall, Northampton*

The Hon. Moya Beresford *announced her engagement last week to Patrick Bellew, youngest son of the late Hon. Richard Bellew, and Mrs. Bellew, whose brother, George Bellew, the Somerset Herald, married Ursula Cull a month or so ago. Moya Beresford is Lord Decie's younger daughter, and has done hostess for him since her mother, who was the daughter of the late George Jay Gould, died in 1931. She is twenty-two*

The Hon. Moya Beresford
Is Engaged to the Hon. Patrick Bellew

William Mitchell-Banks

A study by Norman Parkinson of his small brother-in-law, William Mitchell-Banks. He is the son of Sir Reginald and Lady Mitchell-Banks; his father was M.P. for Swindon, is Recorder of Hull, and a well-known North Country Judge



Boxing Day

(In Anticipation)

Decorations by A. K. Zinkeisen

TINY TOMMY'S tummy 's taut,
He 's eaten far more than he ought.
From the nursery comes a noise
Which clearly tells of broken toys,
And followed by the worst of dins
Denotes some trouble with the twins.
Nannie, whose digestion 's weak,
Does not feel too inclined to speak,
But as the twins scream loud and louder
She doses them with Gregory Powder.
Mrs. Smog, the dear old cook,
Assumes a tired and puffy look,
Just the sort of face one oughter
Get from mixing gin and porter.
Uncle George's left big toe
Aches and throbs like billy-oh!
He says, " Maybe a chill I 've caught,"
But maybe it 's the vintage port.
And I who hold this shaking pen,
I feel I 'm not the best of men.
But though my head may throb and ache,
At least I 've no excuse to make,
And I will try to keep my tongue
From snapping at my noisy young.
Dear reader, if I may advise,
I think that you, too, would be wise
To keep your tongue from snarl or sneer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
And who can say it 's all his fault
That Tiny Tommy's tummy 's taut?

BUS.

A.K. ZINKEISEN

John Everard

PASSING SHOWMEN: Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Deakin—A Darby and Joan

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE village of Hawkinge, near Folkestone, has been persecuted by a ghost all in white, over six feet high and very strong, who hit a boy and fought with a milkman. By this time it 's probably turned out to be just another subtle jape on the part of Josiah Hayseed's eldest (him that chucked old Mrs. Grumble in the duckpond for fun and killed the policeman). Still, we 're glad to see any rural farceur at work these grim mechanised days. English village life has become so standardised, and rustic character is so nearly stamped out that, apart from the ordinary humdrum routine of poisoning and anonymous letters and criminal assault, there 's nothing in the social life of the countryside worth inspection. The last bit of real rural fun, in our opinion, happened in Sussex in 1614, when two men and "a Widow Woman dwelling nere Faygate," among others, were chased by a dragon in St. Leonard's Forest; a fearful ramping black and red reptile, running as fast as a man and shooting strong venom "about four roddes from him." Their sworn statement can be seen in the Harleian Miscellany, and it 's impossible ever to know whether these fragrant rural characters were telling the truth, or whether the dragon turned out to be the parson's wife in disguise, seeking relief from the daily round, the common task. Nevertheless, there probably are a few genuine ghosts still lingering about the countryside. We took a remote and rather creepy cottage in Sussex once. Every night at midnight the cat used to rub itself against invisible ankles directly underneath a nail in the big central oak beam of the sitting-room. We found, in due course, that a previous tenant, bored with Arcadia, had hanged himself from this nail. Having got rid of this ghost in a very simple manner, we nearly had a lawsuit with the crabby owner, who was very fond of his ghost, and was livid with us. That teaches one to leave people's ghosts alone, eh?

Homespun Hey

TIPTOEING warily through a country charity bazaar the other week-end, incidentally, we were struck by the alarming spread of rural arts and crafts. The place seemed full of homespun ladies offering us woollen fire-irons and mousetraps of woven rushes, all made on the spot and racy of the soil. In one corner a determined lady was either flint-knapping or weaving bits of grass (or Old Man's Beard) into a fairy hat. As she worked she hummed a folksong. It scared us to death. So did the thick blobby pottery, conscientiously rustic, the chunky wooden objets d'art, looking rather like chunky wooden objets d'art, the tweedy tweeds, the wholemeal socks (or was it scones?), and the decorative ironwork fashioned by the village blacksmith — not, we thought, too well-advisedly, unless it was that Forgecraft, Ltd., had sent him the wrong designs from Bond Street. The Rector was there, fluting mellow critical appreciation, but, we suspected, secretly ravished to think his late-Victorian church was full of bad commercial brasswork made by machinery in Birmingham. For two pins the homespun ladies would have sprung to make him a hand-woven church out of twisted grass and tweed, singing old ballads as they wove. He knew it, too. He could see it in their glittering eyes. "Hey, nonny, nonny, O," hummed the flint-knapping lady grimly, as she worked her hand-loom, or grommit-wheel, or frudging-iron, or whatever the rustic implement was. We asked a large homespun lady printing quaint, arch broadsheets with hand-hewn wooden type, where all the rural inhabitants were. From her rather snappish response it seemed that these ignoble savages, who furnish their huts almost exclusively from Woolworth's in the neighbouring town, were at the pictures that afternoon.

Marathon

WE don't much care for a new idea of Eugene O'Neill, the American playwright. He announces a cycle of eight full-length plays dealing with the history of one American family through 125 years, and to us it sounds in advance a bigger trial than even Uncle Shaw's *Methuselah*. The more so—may we add laughingly, flicking an imaginary crumb off our gent's winter suiting—because Mr. O'Neill, a very fine dramatist in many ways, isn't so good at the funny business? Mr. O'Neill, in fact, is completely humourless. His full-length plays, like *Strange Interlude*, are intensely serious and psychological, full of earnest

"What is the nature of your business, please?"

• PASSING SHOWMEN

No. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Deakin

JOHN and FLORRIE DEAKIN, a real Darby and Joan, say they 've been tossed to and fro with arms linked for many, many years. John got the habit of taking Florrie's arm because she is nervous and needs taking care of. They travel the country with their accordion in summer; the South Coast resorts know them well. One day the Mayor of Bridlington stopped his car and gave them a pound: that was something they 'll never forget. John's battered black Trilby hat is of great importance to him; he 's had it since the war and says he 'll never have another, whatever happens. His beard he also has much faith in, and treated it to an expensive bottle of hair-restorer lately, fearing it was losing its luxuriance

"I'm afraid we haven't got an actual rumba. Would a Bach Fantasia do?"

people wrestling with massive problems (and do their ears go hot as Sex inevitably rears its ugly head!). His one-act sea-plays, like *The Moon of the Caribbees*, are just grimly photographic, without the ghost of a jape. A cycle of eight three- or four-act O'Neill offerings, therefore, spells to us a good big basinful of strenuous mental fumblebumble. The New York Theatre Guild public, pretty earnest themselves, will lap it up with reverent gestures. If it ever comes to London it will infallibly flop dead, (*a*) because there won't be any titled people in it, and (*b*) because the pie-faced West End theatre public hates intelligent thought as it hates satire. Recollect, as to (*b*), what happened in London to that lovely and amusing satire *Beggar on Horseback*, by Kaufman and Connelly. Even if all the characters in the English production had belonged to the Peerage it wouldn't have stood an earthly. It was much too good.

Time, Gentlemen, Please!

DOOMED as the once lovely county of Sussex is, increasingly defiled by roadhogs and roadhouses and bungaloid growths and jazzy hotels and all manner of beastliness, we were shocked to hear the other day that Chanctonbury Ring is in serious danger. The late gales have apparently blown down a dozen or more of the beeches which crown this landmark, on the crest of which we have so often reclined in the good days before the Greeks, gazing over the sunwashed Weald and thinking of a thousand happy things. Another stiff gale may fell the remainder, and the ring planted by Mr. Goring of Wiston in 1760 will be no more. Sussex ought to have guarded Chanctonbury Ring to the death. It was Sussex's retort to Dr. Johnson, who growlingly complained that the Downs were so bare that no Sussex man could find a tree to hang himself. Dozens of the inhabitants could hang themselves in comfort from the beeches of the Ring, and we suggest that there is still time to do it ceremonially. The decline and death of Sussex demand it, and literary and artistic Sussex would rally as one man to immortalise the Stoic deed. For example, Hilaire Belloc would compose a rollicking satirical threnody, or funeral drinking-song; E. V. Lucas would contribute a Lamb-like essay full of Sussex lore and urbane sub-acidity, Eric Gill and the craftsmen of Ditchling would carve an austere, beautifully neo-archaic cenotaph, Brangwyn would splash the heroes, each 26 feet high, over magnificent frescoes sprawling all over the interior of Brighton Aquarium, and Harry Preston would throw a gigantic champagne party at the Royal Albion What more could anybody want?

Girls' Rally Dept.

THE Nazi police who raided a girls' school the other day and asked the girls several searching theological questions to discover whether their tuition was in accord with the new Nazi religion, were pretty lucky, it seems to us, not to have been trying this vulgar trick on one or two British girls' public schools we can think of. If it had been Roedean a great thumping prefect would have hit hell out of them with her hockey-stick, (*a*), after which (*b*), they would have been badly mauled by Pam and Millicent, two fighting "Rugger" halves of the Lower Fourth, and thrown out on their ear. At Heathfield not a soul would have spoken to them, the atmosphere of patrician morgue would have frozen them to the marrow, and all the ladies' maids attached to Sixth Form studies would have swept past in a body, murmuring "..Too, *too* middle-class, my dear!" What would have happened at Cheltenham or Wycombe we don't know, except that the police would leave those halls feeling hot, awkward, dirty and frightened, with enormous hands and feet. (We know another celebrated girls' school where the raid would infallibly appear on that term's bills, five guineas, under the heading: "Extra Religious Tuition.") On the whole, looking at the matter coolly and judiciously, we fancy the police would have a still worse time if they raided the elder girls of Girton or Somerville, for the embattled loveliness of those establishments, striking them squarely in the eye as soon as the doors were opened, would knock 'em silly on the spot. And there they'd be, staggering about numb and dazed, listening to imaginary lutes and birdsong and incapable of a single official question, save "Can this be Lahv?"

Peep-Bo, Critics!

THE booksy racket continues bright and busy as usual, our literary spies tell us. We don't go to many booksy luncheons, parties, and other jamborees nowadays—not being asked, for one

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 3.—The "Times"

IF you want the latest scandal
Served up hot with lots of spice;
Or bright articles by film-stars
On "Why Blue-eyed Men are Nice";
If you'd wallow in the details
Of the most sadistic crimes,
You need never look for *them* in
The staid columns of the *Times*.

If you like your morning paper
To include two comic strips
And devote three pages daily
To its racing experts' tips;
If you want the League's last meeting
Written up in doggerel rhymes,
You will merely waste your twopence
If you spend it on the *Times*.

Yes, "the Thunderer" is stately
And "the Thunderer" is staid,
And it scorns with lofty scorning
Any sort of vulgar aid,
Such as cartoons or prize ballots,
To attract the public's dimes,
And as long as England's England
So the *Times* will be the *Times*!

B. W

thing—but we saw a notice in a book-shop window in the West End last week which instantly gave us a whole heap of "inside" information. Referring to some feverish new bit of girlish pencraft it said (names substituted and fictitious):

Book Society Book of the Month.
Recommended by Gertie Wallows over the radio.
Recommended by Burpington Huff.
Recommended by Dulcie Chokesmith.
"Daily Wail" Book of the Month.
"Evening Excess" Book of the Month.
"Sunday Chimes" Book of the Week.
"Morpeth Advertiser" Book of the Day.
"Gas Times" Book of the Hour.

So we knew at once a publisher had thrown a biggish party, that "Gaga" and "Stinker" weren't there, that Dulcie and "Chips" had made it up and were giving each other a splendid notice next week, that Eric had quarrelled with Gertie and Mrs. Bulch again, that "Pongo" had got his cheque without having to employ "the Boys," and that Rupert and Vi and Oswald and "Burps" and Miss Wizzick and "The Ape" and all the gang were lined up with "Uncle" at last for a straight run through the autumn and winter publishing seasons, a ten-per-cent. "cut" and nothing on the side. We knew also that all next season's books published by "Uncle" will be hotly recommended in fifteen periodicals, not only by the Gang, as above, but also by Mulciber Pocalypse, Rollo Belliband, and Mrs. Turpitude (who are apparently all living together again), and by "The Nark," and as many of the Gower Street crowd as will come in without being knocked on the mazzard. And Mrs. Roebeck will be there . . .

"I tell you there ain't *no dining-car!"*

"Why didn't you tell *me it was loaded?"*

You want best booksy gossip? We have it.

Rencontre

BARGING down Piccadilly on a bus last week, a friend of ours found himself being touched on the shoulder by a man behind him; a clean-cut, brown-faced, perfectly-groomed, well-set-up man of obvious Navy cut. "I feel I ought to introduce myself," said the stranger briskly. "I 've known you quite a long time, in a way." "Oh?" said our friend, puzzled-like. "Yes," said the pleasant stranger, "you 're Mr. ——, aren't you?" "Yes," said our friend. "Well," said the obvious N.O., "for the last three years I 've been doing your washing." And so he had, it appeared. Having been axed from the Service, he started a laundry round the corner from our friend, and is now doing pretty well, thank you. They had a pleasant chat ("Dear heaven," mused our friend, a careless bachelor, "what he doesn't know about the state of my socks and whatnots is nobody's business"), and the laundryman then hopped off the bus and went into the "Rag"—there 's a joke in that somewhere, too, if we had time to worry it out—leaving our friend pensive. The select street he lives in is full of flats and studios occupied by arty young gentlemen—actors, writers, interior decorators, theatrical designers, and so forth. Having become firm friends with the man who does his and their washing, he thinks he ought by rights to do pretty well henceforth for exotic Russian silk pyjamas, wonderful sunset socks, exquisite Charvet shirts, and other things worn by advanced young gentlemen addicted to the Arts.—THE BYSTANDERS.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Indignity of Labour

Lazy but likeable, Anthony Fair (Harold Warrender) dispenses charm on a sliding scale of charges

"Anthony and Anna" (Whitehall Theatre)

ANTHONY FAIR was a young man who firmly believed that it was better to be ornamental than useful, and although he did not object to commercialising his social assets by being an honoured but paid guest at fashionable house-parties, he resolutely set his face against anything in the nature of a commercial career. That young Fair did genuinely believe in the indignity of labour became evident when, during a visit to an old country inn, he fell violently in love with an attractive young American heiress, one Anna Penn, who was staying there with her dyspeptic poppa. The young lady was not backward in coming forward, indeed, she welcomed Anthony's advances with open arms, but both she and her father made it clear that unless Anthony would take a job—and they guaranteed to provide him with a first-rate one—no marriage bells would ring out their merry peal.

Anthony, however, stood firm, despite the presence of another Richmond in the field in the person of Hubert Dunwoody, a successful novelist—and one has only to see how the Middle West fawns on such gentry to realise what a dangerous rival one of the booksie boys can be. However, Mr. Fair stands fast and, as we all confidently anticipate even before the first act ends, gets his Anna without having to work for her as a husband should.

Author St. John Ervine has given us an entertaining comedy which, however, is hardly strong enough to live up to its brilliant first act, and there are moments—especially in the third act—when it hangs fire more than a little. It is all cheerful, lighthearted fare that need not be taken seriously, and the company strike the right note throughout. Harold Warrender handles Anthony with great skill and by his cheerful charm makes it impossible to think of him as a young waster ; and Jessica Tandy as the impetuous Anna also plays with just the right note of lightness.

James Harcourt and young Tom Gill repeat the joint success they scored in *Cornelius*, this time as a philosophical hotel landlord and a bucolic young waiter, and Morris Harvey gives a richly humorous study of the millionaire, wrestling with an American accent and dyspepsia tablets with equal grace and adroitness of touch, while Clive Morton makes the novelist just the sort of prig Bloomsbury book circles would positively fawn upon. Jack Raine plays a nouveau riche with an accent I could not for the life of me place, and Fabia Drake, as his blue-blooded fiancée, makes the most of a not too thrilling part.

Jacob Penn (Morris Harvey) is a visitor from America with a large desirable fortune and a large, undesirable attack of dyspepsia

Sketches by Rouson

Anna (Jessica Tandy) turns to George of the inn (James Harcourt) for the comfort of his homespun philosophy

"Twenty to One" (Coliseum)

FOLLOWING the example of the Alhambra, the Coliseum has now adopted the principle of two shows a night, and in *Twenty to One* it has a farce that should prove a most profitable investment for its backers. It is one of those musical farces in which the action is of such a quick-fire brand that one has neither the time nor the inclination to worry about the plot, although L. Arthur Rose has contrived a farrago of entertaining nonsense in which racing people and anti-gambling fanatics are perpetually coming to verbal and physical blows.

Chief honours go to Lupino Lane as a not too successfully reformed Cockney race enthusiast, and Clifford Mollison, whose quiet humour provides a perfect foil for the exuberances of the other. Lupino Lane literally flings himself into his work with a gusto which shows he is a little Lane with lots of turnings, and entitles him to be dubbed our leading "Actobat."

Joyce Barbour, as an ardent anti-gambler, blossoms forth as a first-rate comedienne, and Betty Norton and Victor Dill cope effectively with the inevitable love-interest. It is a pity, however, that so clever an actress as Margaret Yarde should be wasted on a small part which gives her but little scope. Billy Mayerl's music is light and catchy, and the lyrics of Frank Eyton are more than a cut above the average. In short, *Twenty to One* is all excellent, unsophisticated fun that could exact laughter from even a Eugene O'Neill " fan."

Nova Pilbeam

The 1935 Peter Pan

LITTLE NOVA PILBEAM is Sir James Barrie's choice for Peter Pan this year at the Palladium. She 'll not only be the youngest Peter Pan (she's sixteen), but the part will be her first important one on the stage. It 's a lovely choice, though; everyone who saw her in the films *Little Friend* and *The Man Who Knew Too Much* will agree. She has also been chosen to play Lady Jane Grey in the Gainsborough film of that name, another interesting bit of casting. Lady Jane Grey was Queen for nine days when she was Nova's age; she was lovely, pathetic, an amazing scholar, speaking Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, and French when she was fifteen; her story is a heartrending bit of history. Cedric Hardwicke, as Warwick, and Sybil Thorndike, as Lady Jane's maid, are both in the film

Photographs by Anthony

Tchekov at the Old Vic

Marie Ney, Vivienne Bennett and Nancy Hornsby in "The Three Sisters"

Nancy Hornsby as Irina

IT is beautifully acted, this Old Vic production of *The Three Sisters*, and the sisters themselves could hardly be better cast. Marie Ney is the dignified, serious eldest of the trio, the schoolmistress who is always a little weary and burdened with her responsibilities. Vivienne Bennett is the young matron, always dressed in black, and married to a pedantic, perky little man who bores and adores her. And then there is lovely Nancy Hornsby as the youngest, the girl whose dreams and longings are divided between the man she could love if she could only meet him, and Moscow, the Mecca of all this provincial family. Although the melancholy atmosphere and the inconsequent endless talk are inescapably Russian, the frustrations and compensations, the precious gleams of humour, the final inevitability of life's pattern belong to the world; a change of idiom, and these three and their ineffectual brother and irritating sister-in-law transplant perfectly to any provincial town in any country. This is the first time *The Three Sisters* has been played at the Old Vic; the short three weeks' run ends on Saturday

Photographs by John Everard

Right: Marie Ney as Olga

"Time Will Pass and We Shall Go Away For Ever"

Vivienne Bennett as Masha

Lady of the Port in "Rio Grande"

Danse Arabe in "Casse Noisette"

Beatrice Appleyard and Wi

They're Both Soloists and He Does Décor

Sicilian Serenade in

liam Chappell

for the Vic-Wells Ballet

The Jar"

Beatrice Appleyard

Photographs by Anthony

William Chappell

Beatrice Appleyard *as a dancer is a Vic-Wells "production"; she has been with the company since its earliest days. Her first big part was with Dolin in "Pomona"; in that, and as the Goddess in "The Scorpions of Isit" she made notable successes. In the present repertoire she dances in "Giselle," "Les Sylphides," "Douanes," as well as the parts she has been photographed in. She is one of the beauties of the company, and besides the gaiety and charm of her lighter dancing, can command a cold, austere dignity that singles her out for certain rôles*

William Chappell *is an artist as well as a dancer; his work for the Ballet Club and the Vic-Wells company has established him as a brilliant and original designer of décor. "The Jar," "Rendezvous" and "Giselle" are among his best Sadler's Wells productions; he was responsible for the finale of the Jack Buchanan show, "The Flying Trapeze," and he is now working on new designs for the "Nursery Suite." As a dancer he appears in "The Jar," as Elihu in "Job," in "The Rake's Progress," and "La Création du Monde," and, later, he will be taking the lead opposite Ninette de Valois in the Beecham Ballet, "The Gods Go A-Begging"*

NICKNAMES FOR

What Their Friends

" POSH "

Mr. Nigel Napier Blomfield, uncle of the present Bart., is one of our best-dressed racing men, trim, dapper and rosy. Popular in India before the war. Lives in Chelsea, has great house taste and couldn't look less arty

" TISHY "

Captain Rupert Murray, of the Black Watch, is at present A.D.C. to Gen. Sir Archibald Cameron, G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command. Has literary leanings, delightful manners and a historic tweed cap

" BUNTY "

Miss Diana Puckle, whose father also owns a nickname — " Plum " — is alluring brunette with dress sense and ripe lipstick. Spends much time Cheshire way with friend, Lady Delamere. Owns one racehorse

" SKUTTLES "

Mr. Cuthbert Hadfeild, conscientious ornament of the S.E., takes annual breather on Canadian ranch. Eligible bachelor with nice house, he gives coal-scuttles as wedding presents

" DUKE "

Viscount Furness's nickname is derived from Marmaduke—a name we can understand him leaving behind. Rich and fond of the world's good things, he has an aeroplane and a beautiful wife—his third

" BILLY "

Mrs. Wright, wife of Gunner nicknamed " Tosti," was Sybil Mary Lascelles, a second cousin of Lord Harewood. Belongs to " Roaring Twenties " generation — now 28. Oh, boy! the Hunt Ball frolics that she adorned. Now in Cairo

" VINA "

" PARTRIDGE "

Miss Helen Greg, one of Scotland's most popular girls, shares London flat with brother Ralph. Supposed as child to have laughed like a partridge. Confidently expected to marry somebody's heir

Left : Lady Hay of Haystoun dominates the Scottish borders with her inexhaustible vitality and appetite for social gossip. Has lovely old home, delightful husband, and an unmistakable voice. Née Lavinia Mary Houstoun

NOTABLES

Call Them

"BOBBY"

Mrs. Goukassow is Welsh, in spite of her name, and was Lena Lloyd. Rich, perfectly dressed and extremely pretty, deserves to be featured among new lovelies, but has not got the social bug. Works for the Infants' Hospital

"JOHNNY"

Lady Alness, wife of the clever Scots lawyer, is never called Olga. Slim boyish type. Dresses severely and looks best on golf course, where she wins cups. One of the shyest women in England

"LULU"

Mr. R. Caulfeild, 2nd Batt. of the K.O.S.B's, has just gone to Lucknow. Loves racing and 'chasing and fresh air fun. A bachelor gay

"BEN"

The Hon. James Duthac Carnegie, youngest of the Southesk family, has rugged appearance suited to nickname. Smokes pipe, wears kilt and prefers native braes. Wife was Claudia Blackburn, amusing niece of Lord Strathmore

"BOBBIE"

Comtesse de Villeneuve's real name's unknown to everyone — probably Yvonne. She was Madame Naes, and before that Comtesse Woronzov. Very vital, very tailored, very pro-English. Rents studio in Chelsea and flat near Étoile. Dresses in London

"THE DUCHESS"

Lady Lettice Mildred Mary Ashley-Cooper, youngest of charming trio, has imposing nickname and plump, striking face. Swims well. Smiles rather less well than sister, Lady Alington

"BUNTY"

"MOLLIE"

The Duchess of Buccleuch was Vreda Esther Mary Lascelles, another kinswoman of the Princess Royal's husband. Has the most beautiful complexion in society, and such success. Three handsome children

Left: Mr. F. C. B. Cadell is one of Scotland's best artists and greatest "characters." Also known as "King of Iona," where he paints cows. Once smoked pipe at Oban Ball. Only once. Devoted to actress sister Jean and to erudite kinsman the Duke of Argyll. An inspired raconteur

"WEARY"

Capt. C. H. Liddell is typical ex-cavalryman living Warwickshire way. Sweet smile, sweet wife, smart car, plenty horses. Never hurries

Francis Fuerst, Paris

ANNABELLA—STAR OF "LA BANDERA"

The Spanish Foreign Legion is the inspiration of the new French film at the Curzon, in which the always-fascinating Annabella tops the cast as Aischa la Slaoui. Jean Gabin, as Pierre Gilieth, the murderer, plays opposite her, Julien Duvivier directed; "La Bandera" (which means "The Ensign") is dedicated to General Franco, Chief of Staff of the Spanish Army, and to the Spanish Foreign Legion generally. This photograph of Annabella belongs to the filmgoer's future, as it's taken from yet another new film of hers, called "Variétés," in which she's one of a trio of trapezists

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Great Men In Adversity:

By A. G. Macdonell

VERY nearly half-a-million books, pamphlets, monographs, and what not have been written about the Emperor Napoleon, and it might have been thought that the brief fifty-two years of that bright meteor had been well and truly covered. But there has always been a gap in the story. It has been a recognised, admitted, regretted gap. For thirteen days Napoleon disappeared out of sight of the whole world, except for one man. On December 5th, 1812, he drove out of the Polish village of Smorgoni in a sledge, and on December 17th he arrived in Paris, and his sole companion was Armand de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, and Master of the Imperial Horse. For more than a hundred years secrecy has been preserved about that journey, but at last Caulaincourt's *Memoirs* have been published to the world (Cassell; 30*s*.). The story is quite incredible. Napoleon had lost his tremendous army; he had flung his mighty stake on to the table and lost; he had survived appalling physical hardships; he was proposing to cross, in the depths of a severe winter, the country of Prussia, where every man's hand was against him; and yet, in spite of all these things, he was able to joke, to laugh, to philosophise, to discuss abstract questions, and to pour out streams of eternal wisdom. He stopped to buy beads from an old woman. He spent a couple of hours questioning a humble inn-keeper about conditions in Germany. He gave a handful of gold to a serving-girl because he thought she was underpaid. And this was the man whom Wellington dismissed as "not quite a gentleman." Napoleon was great at Austerlitz, and at Jena, and at Friedland. But he was ten times greater in his unshakeable serenity in the hour of catastrophe.

ANOTHER historic example of unshakeable serenity in the hour of catastrophe is that of King Albert of the Belgians. His official biography has been written by M. Emile Cammaerts. I wonder how many of us realise that King Albert was the actual Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army, not merely the titular head, as the German Crown Prince was the titular head of a group of German armies, but the real, executive head. In those desperate days at the beginning of the war, it was Albert, and Albert alone, who had to make the decisions of policy, of tactics, and of strategy. Naturally enough, this supreme position had its drawbacks. M. Cammaerts ascribes, and rightly ascribes, the almost incredible survival of Belgian morale to the personal example and inspiration of the King. But he definitely errs as a biographer in not accepting the rough with the smooth. If King Albert is to get all the laurels, he must also take the responsibility of the disastrous retreat into Antwerp. If ever there was an occasion when the Napoleonic theory of mobility ought to have been unhesitatingly applied, it was this. King Albert had the choice of retiring along his easiest line of retreat into a bottled-up fortress, or of remaining in the field and clinging to the flank of his French Allies. He chose the former, and then, at the last moment, swopped over and tried to choose the latter. As a result he extricated half his army and left the other half behind in Antwerp. King Albert was one of the great heroes of our generation, and it will do his reputation no harm to admit his mistakes. He was big enough to stand anything.

A. P. Herbert, M.P., and His Family

If one thing more than another got A. P. Herbert elected as an Independent for Oxford University, it was the now famous statement in his election manifesto on the subject of agriculture ("I know nothing about this"). Our "M.P. at home" picture was taken at the Herbert Thames-side mansion in Hammersmith, with Mrs. Herbert standing behind him and "A.P.'s" two daughters, Lavender and Jocelyn, each side

"MEN AND DEEDS" (Davies; 10*s*. 6*d*.) is a reprint of several short books, essays, and lectures, by the late John Buchan, whom now we call His Excellency the Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada. I do not greatly admire his *Julius Cæsar*, or his *Gordon of Khartoum*, because they seem to me to be hack-work. And heaven knows His Excellency does not need to stoop to hack-work. But when he returns to the Highlands, the old magic comes out once again. His description of the Massacre of Glencoe is in his very best vein, and, as ever he is raised to the heights by the Great Marquis of Montrose. There could be no finer epitaph for any man than the simple words: "He was raised to the heights by the Great Marquis of Montrose."

AN altogether charming book comes from the house of Faber and Faber. It is a collection of essays by writers of graceful distinction about the Grand Tour of the English aristocracy. This famous institution of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries contributed enormously to English culture, and, incidentally, to English art-collections, and it was a very happy notion when Mr. R. S. Lambert decided to edit a book on the subject. *Grand Tour* (10*s*. 6*d*.) opens with a general essay by Miss Mona Wilson, and then Mr. Douglas Woodruff, urbanest, most learned, and wittiest of couriers, takes you in charge and conducts you down the Dover Road, sees you safely across in the packet, and deposits you in Paris. Mr. Edmund Blunden succeeds him, and escorts you to Geneva, and is succeeded in turn by Miss Janet Adam Smith. And so it goes on. Round Italy your cicerone will be Mr. Richard Pyke, and in the cities you could have no wiser instructor than Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. The book is beautifully bound and printed, and is illustrated from contemporary prints and drawings.

THE witty authors of *1066 and All That* summed up the general estimation in which Henry IV. is usually held, when they simply recorded that he was a King who was divided into several parts. Shakespeare certainly immortalised him, but rather as a background for Falstaff than as a monarch. Mr. Griffith Davies is trying to adjust the balance with his *Henry IV*. (Barker; 10*s*.).

It is a biography written in the old-fashioned tradition of such things. That is to say, he does not invent episodes; he does not distort facts in order to prove theories; he does not indulge in wild rhetoric or purple writings. Instead, he has produced a scholarly book, based on research and historical documents. Do not, however, get the impression that, because Mr. Davies is a scholar, he is therefore dry-as-dust. Far from it. He shows that it is perfectly possible to combine accuracy with interest, and he holds the reader's attention throughout the whole story, from the time of Henry of Lancaster's emergence into public affairs down to his horrible death. It is uncertain what dreadful disease he died of, but the common people were convinced to a man that he was divinely smitten with leprosy in punishment for the execution of Archbishop Scrope. The common people would have been furious if they had known that, thanks to a rustic from Warwickshire, Henry IV. was going to be divinely smitten with immortality.

London Lovelies

Three Portraits by Molly Bishop

Miss Pat Charles

Portrait by one artist of another—for Pat Charles also makes pictures of society faces every now and then. She was sketched in a pale-pink dress with puff sleeves at Mr. Selfridge's great election-night party. She and her sister Hilary share a flat off Davies Street

Mlle. Livia Paravicini

The Swiss Minister's elder daughter was lunching at the Ritz, wearing a dark-red cap with a rosette in front of it—just where everyone puts the accent at the moment, whether it's curls, or feathers or a bunch of flowers on the hat

Miss Connie Dawes

Says her over-the-brow accent with a curl. This amusing bronze-haired, original-looking Canadian was at Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson's Sunday supper-party in a gold lamé dress with a brown belt. Incidentally, Molly Bishop's exhibition of oil- and water-colour portraits opened last week at Breves Lalique Galleries, in Bond Street

"Bystander" Short Story No. 13

The Stake: By John Lang

THE sun was setting behind the cocoanut palms, and the last enthusiastic couple passed my chair, carrying their golf clubs. I gathered together my empty glass and the three-weeks'-old number of the *Bystander* and retreated from the verandah of the Sungei Patani Club before the advancing army of mosquitoes. A glance round showed me that there would be no bridge that evening. A poker school had already started, and I joined one solitary old-timer at the bar. He greeted me laconically with "What 's yours ? " I ordered a "stengah" from the lithe Malay "boy," and for a few minutes we talked shop—in other words, rubber.

A smart tap on the shoulder swung me round with a livery "What the hell ? . . ." and my eyes fell on Hugh Lethbury. I was surprised to see him at S.P. I 'd last heard of him down south, near Johore, where his wife was more or less a social queen. "Pink Buffalo," the old-timer, greeted him lukewarmly, and after another drink or two Hugh Lethbury joined the poker school.

"The poor, mad, drink-sodden wretch arrived at the pit edge, and thought what he saw below was some vision of his tortured brain"

Sketch by Clark Fay

"That 's a queer fish," said Pink Buffalo.

I raised my eyebrows. "Hugh Lethbury 's all right. If you 'd been through what he 's been through you wouldn't be chatty, either."

"Ah ! " murmured the Buffalo. "Sounds as though it 's worth two stengahs. I 've often wondered where he got that limp."

I feebly remonstrated, no one knowing my weakness for telling a tale better than myself. It must be a symptom of age. Smith and Jones had joined us, and I vainly proposed a four. Edging me towards a solitary table, the Buffalo ordered more drinks and shot a few more leading questions.

The chichahs clicked soothingly—the murmur of women's voices from the other half of the Club provided a light accompaniment.

"Well, since you will have it. . . . I was at school with Lethbury's eldest brother, and when we met in Piccadilly a year or two after the war he asked me to spend the week-end with him. I never could cotton to town clubmen and was only too glad to accept. His place was an old farm in a sleepy little village called Cornhurst—in Surrey it was. The farm had been renovated by a wealthy stock-broker, and he had bought it with a legacy. He was happy enough as the gentleman farmer, but Hugh seemed to me not so grown into the soil. He was a likely-looking lad of twenty then—just too young to have been in the war. He talked of nothing but Hollywood, and was always in and out of a dark-room he 'd fixed up in the cellar.

"He told me—rather sheepishly, I thought—that his fiancée was coming to dinner. I expected a buxom, provincially-educated hockey player, and when I came down the rather fine old staircase to dinner I gasped in surprise. Enid was then just eighteen—a wisp of a girl, with no hips at all and a head of almost incredible golden hair. There was a vein in her temple that showed delicately through her skin as a baby's would. I didn't notice all this at the time, of course. Watching the two youngsters together, I could see that it was her frailty that attracted Hugh. I wondered how she would weather life. She had the aloofness of a Hans Andersen princess. I thought of the old tale of the sleeping princess, and hoped, for Hugh's sake, that she would wake up soon.

"The week-end was a great success ; and then, as one does, I again lost sight of Frank Lethbury. Some months later we met again, and I asked whether the two children were married yet. Frank looked a bit hipped, and I realised I had said the wrong thing. It appeared that there had been some sort of village scandal . . . the wedding had been fixed at the local church, presents in, and all that, when suddenly the bride had disappeared. Hugh rushed frantically round for a day or two, getting the B.B.C. to put out S.O.S.s, and that sort of thing, when a letter—all tear-stained, arrived from Gib. The sleeping princess had woken up suddenly, but to the touch of the wrong prince. He sounded more like a cowherd to me. He was the ne'er-do-well brother of the vicar, home on leave from Malaya. He had done the Othello trick, and charmed her with his 'tales of far Kashmir.' It may have been natural prejudice on Frank's part, but he said there were some queer rumours about this Othello—there 'd been an inquiry in Ceylon about a missing Tamil girl.

"Again I lost sight of the Lethbury family. I came out here myself, and you know how this hot climate plays the devil with one's letter-writing.

"When I was in Singapore with a go of fever, I heard of the runaway couple again. The nurse who was supposed to look after me had been transferred from the maternity hospital, and it appeared that Enid had passed through her hands some months before. She had lost a baby, and the nurse was all agog

about her ravings in delirium. She had pleaded with her husband 'not to hit her this once' . . . implored him not to drink till he had got her safely to hospital . . . . She had some queer bruises on her wrists, and there was no real need for the baby to have died, either. I did not like the sound of things at all, and wrote to Frank in a moment of conscience asking for her address. After some months I heard from him a story that did not make me feel any easier. He had not heard from her for months, but suggested that I should write to a woman whose name he knew in the neighbourhood.

"I wrote to the address he gave and waited impatiently for a reply. I'm an old man who ought to know better, but that hard-faced nurse's story set my crusted imagination to work. A golden head began to haunt the rows of rubber-trees. When the letter arrived I did not like it: it was what it did not say that worried me. There was no news of Enid since her illness in Singapore. Her husband had got the sack for beating up a coolie so badly that he had to go to hospital, and there was trouble with the Labour Office. He had taken an opening-up job for a wealthy Chinaman in Pahang. When she had asked him what his address would be so that she could forward Enid's mail, he said, 'Oh, just Bukit Babi Estate.' She had seen Enid once before she left; the child had been very pale and calm and more remote than ever. She said her husband was changing his name because he had some strange obsession that Lethbury was yearning for revenge. She did not bewail her fate, as most girls would who were going into the jungle a hundred miles from the nearest neighbour, with a man who was at best morose, and at worst a bully. Perhaps she thought that once he was away from his club associates she would be able to influence him. It's amazing how a woman's ideals can still survive constant trampling in the mud.

"I WROTE something of this to Frank, but I did not tell him that I had plans to utilise my overdue local leave to do a little game-shooting in Pahang. I got a letter back from him saying that Hugh was on a film job, taking backgrounds in the South Seas and Malaya for an American *Tarzan* film, and might look me up some time. I wondered if Othello was right and if Hugh was after his blood, but the film story was too concrete to have been invented. My houseboy was a hill Malay from Central Malaya, and he was delighted when I told him he was going to accompany me as cook and guide. He promised to get me some trusty carriers at the railhead, but candidly voiced his opinion that the monsoon-time was the worst I could have chosen. I actually did not tell him that my principal game had golden hair.

"The train was as hot and sooty as ever, and the Malays as somnolent and as politely inefficient. You've all been on opening-up jobs in your day, I expect, so I won't bore you with hunter's tales. By the time I'd worked my way to within ten miles from Bukit Babi I'd got Englishman's cold feet I told myself I was just an interfering old woman, with romantic ideals. One night, just as I was finishing off my last pipe by the camp fire, Mat glided into the flickering circle with a 'Tabek, Tuan.' Pulling his sarong between his legs, he squatted down on the opposite side of the fire. Knowing the signs, I asked him 'What news?' After a little chatter about supplies for the next day, he said, 'It would seem, Tuan, that there is a mad white Tuan near by.' I looked up sharply and wondered how much of my secret plans were guessed at by the Malays. Mat's face was innocence itself. 'What stories do these fools tell?' I asked casually. 'They say that the Mem on Bukit Babi called Golden Mem is always looking down the river seeking someone who never comes. The boys won't sleep near the house because the Tuan shouts and sings when the moon is full.'

"If it had not been impossible I would have started on the trail right away, but, instead, I told Mat that we would strike camp early in the morning and go and see what the trouble was. I fell asleep, only to dream of a frail princess of my childhood shut up with a mad ogre.

"I WOKE up from this foolishness to hear the pad of running feet and excited cries of natives as the grey light of dawn was filtering through the flap of my tent. Reaching for my gun, I called Mat, who was holding an excited conversation with one of the villagers. Their talk was so rapid I could hardly catch it. Peremptorily I called Mat again, and he burst in, stammering and struggling to speak. All he could get out at the moment was 'The mad Tuan is dead . . . another Tuan has come . . . he is wounded . . . the Mem is with him . . .' While he was speaking, I had flung on my khaki trousers and a shirt and was pulling on my socks. In two minutes we were hurrying along the trail, behind the excited villager. Mat pantingly told his tale.

The villager had been engaged as a porter to a new Tuan who had just come into the district with a 'black picture-box.' Hugh Lethbury! I thought. This is where the trouble begins. Lethbury, it appeared, had been for over a week trekking a rhino, sufficiently rare in those parts to be valuable for his pictures. About noon, the day before, he had fallen into a native tiger trap; they are cruel things—pits covered over with thin branches and leaves, with stakes of sharp hard wood at the bottom. My stomach turned over in a nasty way as I thought of it. No, said the villager, the Tuan had missed the stakes, but had broken his leg. He could not speak Malay. The natives were sympathetic, but helpless. One, more intelligent than the others, had remembered the 'Mad Tuan,' and had gone for him. They had to shake him out of what sounded like a drunken stupor. He staggered off with them, while Enid prepared some first-aid things and a drink, little knowing at the time for whom they were intended. The native's words failed him, but I heard the story from Lethbury, and could imagine the scene. The poor, mad, drink-sodden wretch arrived at the pit edge, and thought what he saw below was some vision of his tortured brain. Lethbury, seeing above him the face of the man he had cause to hate more than anyone else, thought Fate had played him a cruel trick. Othello's eyes glazed and his lips frothed as he screamed foul invective at Lethbury below. The natives drew away—some even ran. Othello laughed till the trees re-echoed, and Lethbury says that to his dying day he will never forget the sound. 'So you were trailing me after all! . . . that milk-faced bitch was lying! . . . There you are, and there you'll stay! . . . You . . . !' Lethbury had his gun, and was in two minds whether to shoot or not. If he shot him, his chance of keeping his leg was remote; if he left him alive, what would happen to Enid? Then Fate took the matter out of his hands. Othello lurched as he rocked on his feet with insane mirth—the rain-sodden earth gave way and he pitched forward on his face. He only screamed once, as a stake drove clean through his heart, and Lethbury sank into merciful darkness."

THE END

"This is Professor Beadle, the father of the microbe!"

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"De Reszke" — of course!

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

Competitors in the recent "Star" Ladies' Inter-Club Scratch Tournament at Wentworth, which was won by West Hill. They are Lady Eddis (Lady Golfers' Club), Miss J. McLintock (Royal Wimbledon), and Miss J. Stewart (Royal Wimbledon)

Women's Golf:

Winter Competitions

By Eleanor E. Helme

Birkdale Retrospect

Mrs. M. L. Clarke, of Hayling, made up for her early exit from the Championships when playing in the Women's Automobile Sports Association meeting at Burhill. She played great golf to return the best scratch score of 79

Miss Sylvia Bailey (Coombe Wood), who reached the semi-final round of the Championships at Birkdale, and Mrs. Peel were competitors for "Golf Illustrated's" Challenge Cup at Burhill. The latter returned a scratch score of 76

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SOMEBODY asked me the other day whatever there was to write about in a golf page at this time of year. Sakes alive! There is so much this week that one page can do but scant justice to it all.

Let us boldly and selfishly, for fear of its being crowded out if left to the last, start with Ourselves. Our BYSTANDER Yearly Challenge Cup—for the winner of the most BYSTANDER spoons during the year—looks like being a very near thing: no fewer than four players have each won four spoons; another four have won three. The race grows desperate, for there now remains only the rest of this month and December in which to win again, and weather is bad and courses seem long, and there are only fifteen spoons to be won during winter months instead of thirty. . . . Quite true, dear ladies, but do remember that other people's courses and weather are just as bad as your own, and a score which would have no chance of winning a spoon in the halcyon summer days often sneaks into the list at this time of year.

THERE are few enough of the trophies for 1935 whose destination is still undecided, for one of the last of them found a resting-place the other day when the Golfers' Cot Cup was handed over to Miss Nora Taylor of Kingswood. That was a cause for Surrey rejoicing, and certainly the score was more than passing good: 90—29=61, returned at Wimbledon Park, of which the par is 72, in the autumn meeting of the county. You remember how Mrs. Ormsby-Cooke's charming cup is played for, don't you? At the spring and autumn meetings of the ten south-eastern counties players are asked to contribute 6d., and the player whose score is the best of the year, relative to the par of the course where it is returned, wins the cup. The sixpences—at least two thousand of them, or, in plain figures, £50—maintain the Golfers' Cot for a year at the Princess Elizabeth Hospital at Shadwell, and the rest are building up a reserve fund with which it is hoped to "build" a further cot in the extension of the hospital, which is to be established on Banstead Downs.

This year, instead of *Fairway and Hazard*, who do the clerical work, giving the lunch in honour of the winner, that most pleasant function took place at the hospital itself, and the party of golfers who were there spent the afternoon seeing round the wards, losing their hearts to various small people in the cots, and generally vowing that their yearly contribution should be a little more than a mere couple of sixpences. Golfers will also be on their mettl ebecause there is an idea that all the other games are to maintain cots in the future, so that the golfers would dearly like to be the first in the field to have two.

THEN there is an immensely long report of the L.G.U. Executive to discuss, the most pleasing item of it, perhaps, the announcement of Miss Doris Chambers' appointment as captain of the British team which is to meet the United States at Gleneagles on May 6th. That is grand news: everybody trusts Miss Chambers, and knows that she will put the whole of her own heart into the business, good heart into her team, and give the best of welcomes to the opponents. All that one further hopes for is an early warning of all who are being considered as possible teamsters, so that they may really give their minds to how best to be at their best when the fateful day comes, and may also get continual practice with their foursome partner for that part of the proceedings.

Then the L.G.U. announce a big change to be made to handicap regulations. "To reduce a handicap to 3 or better, players must return six scores on any 18-hole course or courses. (The scratch score of each must be not less than 70.) The average of the six scores is taken." So reads the official wording, and after working out examples of fractions, adds, "It is hoped that the higher average (of six scores instead of three) may stop the present tendency for some handicaps to get too low, and at the same time may help the player who has little or no opportunity of scoring except on her own course (and therefore had to remain at 4 or half 4 under the old regulations)."

I simply dare not begin to discuss such a topic at this point of the page, nor without some more thought. Next week must be time enough for that.

NOR is there space to quote from the latest official despatch from the touring team, though I feel very selfish in keeping to myself the seven quarto pages, single spacing, of really delightful reading which has been mine. Honestly, Mrs. Hodson's descriptions of New Zealand make one's mouth water. This part of her chronicle takes them from Wellington to Wanganui, the exhibition matches at Belmont, expeditions to Chateau Tongariro, to Wairakei and the Geyser Valley, where the description of geysers and rapids sounds like a Crystal Palace fireworks display translated into water. More expeditions, a Maori concert, and visit to a native village, which one might say possessed every refinement to be found in less-favoured spots as the result of engineering skill, here merely produced by volcanic nature: "Hot gases coming up from the ground being sufficient to cook anything from boiling a kettle of water to a good stew. Another bottomless pool had pipes leading to it and out again—the cold water running in being heated in the pool, and the hot water coming out. In this pool eggs could be boiled or potatoes cooked. . . . It seemed a far cry in the afternoon to golf played on the Rotorua golf course with a crowd of some five to six hundred. . . ." More sight-seeing, more unbounded hospitality, more journeying, arrival at Auckland, practice over the Middlemore course—it all sounds quite enthralling.

And now they are on their way home, due back on December 1st—all except Miss Pam Barton and Miss Phyllis Wade, whom a generous relation is taking to see California first. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

A Mixed Golf Bag

By J. S. F. Morrison

Royston Play Cambridge

H. Rabinowitz, J. S. L. Lyon, the captain, and G. D. Morton arriving for the Varsity's match against Royston. Cambridge won by 6 games to 5

The Light Blues at Royston

C. V. Grundy (Royston) and T. S. Winton, to whom he lost by 6 and 5 in the match at Royston

P. W. Dunning-White, the first man at either Varsity to get a golf Blue this term, and T. Wright, who beat him 3 and 2

THE GOLF BALL will be held this year at the Grosvenor Hotel, in the Great Room, on Thursday, December 12th, and will be in aid of the Extension Appeal Fund of St. Mary's Hospital. Besides the dancing, and all that goes with it, there will be numerous golfing side-shows, competitions, and a distribution of valuable prizes. The golf professional is certainly a most generous fellow. If you look through the prizes and gifts at the Golf Ball, you will find difficulty in discovering the name of a single leading professional who has not presented a prize of golf-clubs or other golfing equipment. If the professionals support this hospital so generously, it is surely up to all other golfers to do their utmost to ensure the receipt of a large cheque by St. Mary's Hospital. This year an anonymous donor has offered to double the proceeds of the Ball up to a total of £5000, so anything you contribute will be doubled.

G. D. Hannay, who worked so hard to make the four previous Golf Balls the great successes which they undoubtedly were, is again the chairman. Hannay won the French Amateur Championship some years ago, and at the present time holds the exalted post of captain of the Old Etonian Golfing Society; 'I do hope that everyone who possibly can will be present on December 12th to support him. Besides contributing to the funds of a hospital, you will, I am sure, have a most enjoyable evening, and also a very instructive one, as you will have an opportunity of seeing many of the best golfers, both female and male, attempt to drive golf-balls into a net when arrayed in all their glory. I hear also, from a most reliable source (military), that people who look very ordinary on a golf course can look perfectly ravishing in evening dress under electric lights.

THE price of the tickets is one guinea (including buffet refreshments); they can be obtained from the joint hon. secretaries, Mrs. G. Elphick, 118, Harley Street, W.1, and Mrs. G. Toye, Sussex House, Little Sussex Place, W.2; also from the House Governor, St. Mary's Hospital, W.2. As there are people who do not like parting with money until they know exactly how it is to be used, I will tell you how the proceeds of the Ball will be expended. They will be used to assist: (1) the establishment of a Pay Block for patients of moderate means; (2) the erection of the first section of the new Nurses' Home, which will provide accommodation for some two hundred nurses; (3) the provision of additional beds in the hospital.

THERE are numerous stories told about the game of golf and golfers, some of them amusing, some of them full of sarcasm, most of them extremely witty, and some even tragic. Many of the better of these stories have originated from the mouths of caddies, some of whom not only have a sound knowledge of the game, but are also what is more important, good judges of human nature. Henry Longhurst and Charles Graves have taken considerable trouble to collect a large number of stories told by or concerning caddies, and have published them in a book called *Candid Caddies*, and they have taken even greater trouble to ensure that all the stories in their book are actually true, and in many of them give the name of the course where the incident occurred. The book is full of most amusing stories, and as each story has a page to itself, it makes no difference where you start to read, and there is consequently no need to find or mark your place. At the end of the book there are some blank pages, which are intended for the entry of any additional stories which the reader may hear. This is a very good idea, as, although we all hear many golfing stories, it is seldom that we remember them and are able to pass them on to our friends. I heard a new, and what I thought a good, story concerning a caddie a few days ago. A golfer was playing on a strange course, and on the 7th tee, from which there is a blind tee-shot, asked his caddie what was the length of the hole, and received this reply: "Well, sir, to-day it will take you three dashed good wooden club shots to get home in two." This was rather an Irish and inaccurate answer, but there is no doubt that it conveyed to his master the information which he desired. This happened on the course of the West Sussex Golf Club at Pulborough, and is accurate, except that the adjective the caddie used was slightly stronger than the word "dashed." I am confident that those who invest five shillings in the purchase of *Candid Caddies* will not regret their expenditure, and that the book will afford them and their friends considerable pleasure and amusement.

I VISITED the course of the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club at Mildenhall, to watch the play on the second day of the match between Cambridge University and the League. I was astounded on my arrival to find that the morning play had been cancelled at the wish of the captain of the League team owing to rain, and it seemed extremely strange to me that, although the weather was considered by some too bad to play the match, more than half the members of the teams were out playing matches among themselves. It had been arranged for the teams to have an early lunch, and play one round of the match afterwards, but after playing a few holes the match was cancelled, again owing to rain, and the League team had left the club by two-thirty. On this same afternoon, five members of the Cambridge side and ten members of the club played round the course, on the greens of which there was no sign of casual water, and consequently on no possible grounds could the course be deemed unfit for play. The conditions were certainly not pleasant, but when teams play against schools or Universities, whose sides consist of young and very keen players who want all the practice and experience which they can possibly obtain, it is, in my opinion, their duty to play if the course is fit for play, even if it does interfere with their personal comfort. Many play golf for pleasure, some for exercise, and some for other reasons, but your own personal pleasure should not be considered when you are playing for a side against young opponents; if you are playing against a team of older men it is an entirely different matter. To make matters worse, another match which was to have taken place at Mildenhall on the same day had to be abandoned owing to the course being required for the match which was not played.

Golf Clubs At Home

West Kent Golf Club, Bickley

(1) Commander H. S. Gillett (secretary), Sir Joseph W. Isherwood, Bt. (captain), and B. S. Farnfield (captain-elect for 1936). (2) P. S. Workman and R. S. Baillie (committee-men). (3) W. H. Walker, Junr., O. Austreng (ex-Kent Amateur Champion), Arnold Carter (ex-captain), and Francis McGloin (Kent Amateur Champion). (4) Dr. E. Sykes (ex-captain) and Dr. S. W. Barber. (5) D. Bellamy, A. H. Pickering, and L. H. Baskett. (6) C. A. Woolstone and F. D. Holdsworth. (7) J. Rowe and B. Glanville. (8) C. M. Leman, E. Ralph, and A. Van den Bergh. (9) S. Coles (steward) and Frank Roberts (professional), with "Roger"

A View of the Club-house

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Wanted—A Stand-Off Half

Above: Cambridge's three "Rugger" Internationals. Kenneth Fyfe (Oundle and Caius), the captain, is a Scottish three-quarter; Cliff Jones (Glandovery and Claire) is the stand-off half for Wales; while Wilfred Wooller (Rydal and Christ's) plays as left wing three-quarter for the same country

Right: Oxford's "Rugger" captain, Kenneth Jackson (Rugby and Trinity), is seen with the Secretary, Malcolm McGovan Cooper (New Zealand and University College), who was tried as a forward for Scotland last year. Jackson, who has been most unlucky as to injuries, is also a cricket Blue

I HAVE, as it were, missed the bus. I feel, at any rate, that I should be discussing the great match between Scotland and New Zealand, for, as I write, the prospect of it drives most other things out of our minds. When you read, though, it will be over; Murrayfield will stand deserted: history, of one sort or the other, will have been made. As for me, I shall probably be on my lonely way to Aberdeen for the game between New Zealand and the North of Scotland—rather an anti-climax. Wednesday in Aberdeen, Thursday in Oxford, where the University take on "Uncle" Stanley's team of International players, and Saturday in Belfast, where the All Blacks meet Ulster. A strenuous week, on the whole, and in my frailer moments I sometimes wonder whether it is worth while travelling two thousand miles or so to watch three games of Rugby football.

The truth is that you never can tell. I would have travelled two thousand miles with pleasure to watch the Oxford and All Blacks match alone. And I would cheerfully have set out upon a similar journey to see Cambridge play New Zealand, though how sadly disappointed I should have been!

Cambridge stock has slumped a little, I am afraid, but here a word of caution to those who are already trying to estimate the margin by which Oxford will win the Varsity match. Oxford are doing well, without a doubt, and I will not pretend that the fact displeases me. Their victory over the Harlequins at Twickenham was a fine performance, and they have a kind of seasoned steadiness about them which is impressive. I do not think they will give even Cliff Jones much rope, and Obolensky is clearly one of the few wing three-quarters who can make tries where tries seem impossible.

ALL this I gladly admit, but I cannot believe that the Cambridge forwards will fail to settle down before the great day. They may be beaten by the Oxford pack, but if they can give those backs of theirs a few chances the game will surely not be one-sided. Cambridge are still potentially a fine team, I am sure of that, and the Varsity match is by no means over yet.

This fits smoothly enough with my theme, which is the unexpectedness of Rugby football. When the All Blacks visited Cambridge we were keyed up for a tremendous game, and we were disappointed, as we were when they went to Leicester to try their luck against Leicestershire and the East Midlands.

There did seem to be the outside chance that at Leicester we should see the match of a lifetime, but one thing after another went wrong. First J. A. Tallent had to cry off, then C. Slow was injured, and left the field, two strokes of ill-fortune from which the Midlands never recovered. A pity about Slow, and a blow for the England selectors, who most likely had marked him down as England's probable stand-off half. Even before he was crocked, though, he did not strike his best form, and I fancy the selectors will be looking elsewhere.

THERE is little doubt that Gadney will be England's scrum-half again. He ripped holes in the New Zealand defence, and shot out those long passes of his with all the old accuracy. A strong player: just the type for representative football. But I wish it were possible to make some confident suggestion about his partner. It may in the end be Slow, of course, for by all accounts Slow has been playing well. But, failing Slow, where are we? G. A. Walker? J. R. Auty? H. Rees? J. A. Tallent? W. T. Anderson? P. Candler? It is here that, with profound relief, we pass the problem on to our esteemed selectors. It is, for all that, a little galling to reflect that Wales have two stand-off halves of the highest quality—Cliff Jones and W. T. H. Davies; while Scotland hesitated between R. W. Shaw and C. F. Grieve for the New Zealand match.

As the weeks go by, indeed, the composition of the England team grows more and more puzzling. At least, say the pundits, we should be able to beat the All Blacks forward, but where are there forwards of ours who may be picked without hesitation for the England pack? Kendrew, Nicholson, Longland—is that the front row? P. E. Dunkley takes one place in the second row, and L. S. Bailey and P. W. P. Brook may adorn the back row, but will you name the remaining scrummagers, or admit the ones I have named as certainties?

It is something, at any rate, that the All Blacks have been greatly impressed and somewhat surprised by the standard of forward play over here. The general standard has improved, but the individual problem is still acute. And so it is with centres and wing three-quarters and full backs, though at full back R. J. Barr showed promising form against the All Blacks.

ALSO acute is the irritation caused by the difficulty of getting the ball into the scrummage. I do not propose to digress into a dissertation upon the laws of the game, but this hooking business is as tiresome as ever. New Zealand, I believe, will suggest in December that the referee should put the ball in, and many people think this might be a solution. At present I don't like it, though I am willing to be convinced. Maybe it is just innate conservatism, but it seems wrong to me to bring the referee into the game like this. He has enough responsibilities already. And while he is bending down upon his scrum-half duties, who will watch those unscrupulous three-quarters who creep up offside, even now, when the ball is being put into the scrummage?

Let me say this, at the risk of being thought sensational: there is rather too much cheating in the game at present. Lately I have seen a good deal of such tricks as putting the ball in crooked, swaying the scrummage, obstruction, and so forth.

There are always individuals ready to beat the referee, but it is a little disturbing when cheating, even on a minor scale, becomes fairly general. The growing complexity of the laws is, I think, partly responsible, and the time has come for a simplification of them which will prevent innocent transgression.

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The Imperial Air-Lines

By Charles Ward

Bassano

Left: Lord Ronaldshay, who is heir to the Marquess of Zetland, has gone to India as a flying salesman. He is interested particularly in the Airspeed products built at Portsmouth, and will tour the country in their interest

Below: Lady Chetwode, wife of Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Commander-in-Chief in India, arriving at Croydon. She flew home from Karachi by the Royal Dutch Air Line

Speeding Up the Mails

THE most interesting points made by Sir Eric Geddes at Imperial Airways meeting concerned the change-over from land 'planes to flying-boats on the Empire routes; the acknowledgment that night flying was now essential to increase the real speed of air travel over long distances; and finally, a statement of plans for conquering the Atlantic. It seemed a foregone conclusion that Imperial Airways would retain their monopoly over the Empire routes, in so far as subsidy was involved, and it is well that this should be so. No other Company could hope to equal their record for safety, reliability, and comfortable travel without spending many years on pioneering. There is plenty of scope for British enterprise on lines other than these main ones. It was obvious that night flying would have to be taken seriously. Given good ground organisation, with wireless and lighting, it is cheaper to operate day and night than to attempt a spectacular increase of speed, flying during daylight only. The establishment of a regular air service across the Atlantic, even for mails only, presents the most formidable problem yet tackled. Imperial Airways have two useful strings to their bow, the first of which is something quite unique. I refer to the Mayo Composite Aircraft, previously described on this page, which is due for its first test in the spring. A large flying-boat is also being built to tackle the Atlantic crossing via the Azores and Bermuda, which, though of considerable length, is a fair-weather route.

After the Poll is Over

NOW that the excitement of the Election, with its flying candidates and its aerial posters has subsided, aerodromes have returned to normal routine for the time of the year. November is not such a bad month as it was—there seems to be less fog, and there is certainly more flying in the dreariest of months than there used to be when flying was young. Lord Londonderry, the former Secretary of State for Air, has just taken a refresher course at Hamble combined with a little advanced instruction. He proved a good advertisement for A.S.T. methods, pulling off a successful forced landing on Parliament Hill Fields whilst flying over London in fog. The Hamble School has taken delivery of a Power Boat to act as a tender for the "Calcuttas" on which Imperial Airways' pilots are being trained for their future rôle as captains of ocean-crossing air-liners. At Heston, the School is to lose Captain Baker, who has been chief instructor for six years, and has taught more people described in "Debrett" and "Who's Who" than any other pilot in the country. He is not deserting aviation—just a change from instruction to construction, by taking up his duties as an active director of the Martin-Baker Aircraft Company. The Heston School will be taken over by Captain Davy, who has been there for some years, and navigation will remain in the hands of Captain Ferguson.

British 'Planes Abroad

AN Airspeed "Envoy" has been touring North-West Europe, where demonstrations were given in Latvia, Lithuania, and Esthonia. The performance of the machine and its finish attracted most favourable comments, and further orders for airline work are expected. Two "Envoys" are in use between Prague and Moscow, on which route a regular service for passengers and mails is to be opened in the spring. The retractable undercarriage, used on all Airspeed products, was the first to be designed in England, and it has proved most satisfactory. A high cruising speed is maintained for the engine power in use, whilst the landing speed and run remain normal. There are six "Envoys" in Japan, each fitted with Wolseley engines and in use every day on one of the internal air routes. Percival Aircraft has received an interesting order from foreign parts—four of the standard "Gulls" are being built for Abyssinia, to form the nucleus of a communications flight attached to the Emperor's staff. Several Press photographers have used the "Gull" for flights to and from Abyssinia during the present excitement, and the good performance of the machine has, quite naturally, attracted the attention of the authorities. It was in a "Gull" that Miss Jean Batten flew the South Atlantic, which was a particularly fine, though risky performance. As usual, "Castrol" and "K.L.G." were associated with this record flight, the engine being a Gipsy Six. Three bulls have been scored by this engine in one week, the other two being the record flight from Cape Town in a Hendy "Heck" flown by Mr. Llewellyn and Mrs. Wyndham; also the record from London to Australia in another Percival "Gull" flown by Mr. Broadbent.

In Favour of K.L.M.

IN our issue of the 13th inst., a photograph appeared of Lady Broughton, Viscount Elveden, and Lord Moyne, under which it was implied that they were proceeding to Africa by Sabena or Air France. In actual fact they were en route for Singapore by K.L.M. The connection for the Far East by the Royal Dutch Line is made at Amsterdam. The party was due to join Lord Moyne's yacht at Singapore on November 11th for a big-game expedition in the Malay-Archipelago. During the winter the K.L.M. service from Batavia operates through Rome and Marseilles, instead of Central Europe. Passengers for London have the opportunity of changing in Paris when seats are available on the Imperial Airways liner which leaves Le Bourget at 7 p.m. This obviates a stay overnight in Amsterdam for those who are in a hurry. Two Dutch pilots on the trans-Continental route have made remarkable times recently. Bad weather held up the East Indies mail for one day at Alor Star, but on the following day the commander flew to Jodhpur on the original schedule, landing at Bangkok, Calcutta, and Allahabad—2600 miles in all. On the second occasion the same 'plane, the "Lapwing," was flown from Karachi to Amsterdam in two days, a distance of 4865 miles. These speeds in the month of November, with little daylight and whilst the route is not adequately equipped with ground aids for night flying, reflect very great credit on the skill of the pilots and on the flying equipment in the K.L.M. fleet.

Club News

ON Friday next, November 29th, there is the usual dinner-dance at Hanworth, always a good party in the best flying clubhouse in England. There 's plenty of activity on the aerodrome at Hanworth these days—what with Klemms, Autogiros, and Monospars in residence and always up on test—also the Reserve School and the Club teaching the young idea. At Brooklands, a large area at the north-east corner is being added to the aerodrome. Pilots are warned of levelling operations and much gear lying around.

The Season's Greetings from Elizabeth

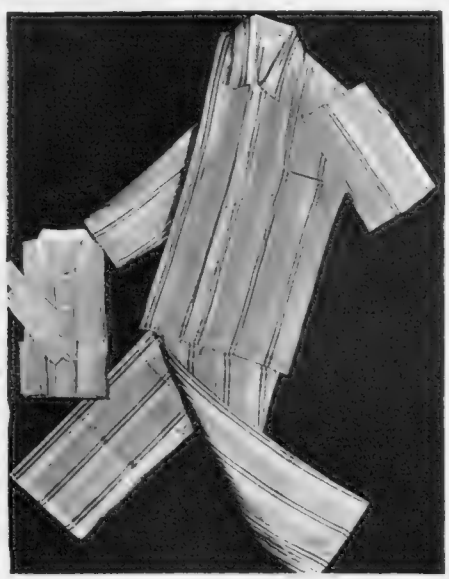
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR is my sincere wish to you all. This is a time of festivity and rejoicing for young and old, and everywhere there is an atmosphere of gaiety and excitement. The shops particularly have distinguished themselves by providing not only a large and varied choice of gifts, but special Christmas attractions for the younger generation in the Toy Departments. A "Trip to Holland" is one which meets with tremendous enthusiasm, and is packed with unexpected thrills, including crossing the sea and a personal interview with Father Christmas. Mickey Mouse is installed at "Castle Glorious" and keeps an open house to all his friends. He is obliged to charge a small entrance fee, however, which goes towards expenses, but this is more than repaid by the handsome gift which every visitor receives on her way out

A bottle of Drambuie, or, as it is sometimes called, "Prince Charlie's Liqueur," is a gift which will give pleasure both to him and to her. It was originally brought over from France in 1745, and has since gained a world-wide reputation. It is sold by all leading wine merchants

Something to wear is always appreciated at Christmas time, and when it is for him, a visit should be paid to Austin Reed, 103, Regent Street or branches, where the above things may be seen. The double-breasted golf jacket is 21s. and the silk handkerchief, 8s. 6d. Another idea would be a fitted dressing-case

Since everybody smokes nowadays, the gift problem can always be solved by Player's cigarettes. "Medium Navy Cut" are supplied in decorative Christmas packings of 50, 100 and 150 at 2s. 6d., 4s. 10d. and 7s. 3d. respectively. Cork-tipped "Bachelor" cigarettes are greatly favoured by women and are available in flat tins of 50 for 2s. 6d.

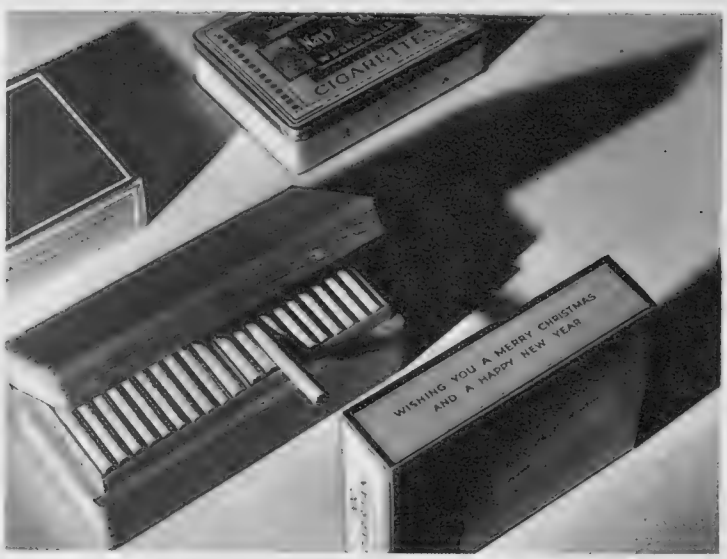
What could be better than to send the season's greetings with a case of Sanderson's Vat 69. This genuine liqueur whisky has a warmth and mellowness which is particularly pleasing to the palate. It has been distilled and bottled in Scotland since 1863, and is sold at 12s. 6d. a bottle by all wine and spirit dealers



Pyjamas that bear the name of "Luvisca" are highly to be recommended. They combine the warmth of wool with the smartness of silk, and are, besides, very hard-wearing. The material is a perfect combination of the best rayon and cotton, and is available in plain shades as well as fashionable stripes

Beauty and grace are reflected in this figure lamp from Harrods, Knightsbridge, where the lacquer mirror with book-ends to match, may also be seen. All three would prove an asset to any room, while there are other variations on the lamp. Imitation bronze is used for the figure

When mixing cocktails at home, always remember that "the better the gin, the better the cocktail," and use Booth's Dry Gin. For three successive years it has been the basis of the winning cocktails at the British Empire Cocktail Competition, and experts realise that its flavour and purity are quite outstanding



The question "What shall I give?" is satisfactorily answered by W. D. and H. O. Wills's cigarettes. They are packed in beautiful oak and cedarwood cabinets which contain either "Gold Flake" special or "Capstan" special cigarettes. There are also handsome bakelite cabinets containing 100 cigarettes, either "Gold Flake" or "Capstan," for 6s.

Every man who takes an interest in his wardrobe will welcome a "Vantella" shirt. They are made in two qualities, zephyr and poplin, and cost 9s. 3d. and 10s. 6d. respectively. They are also obtainable in three sleeve lengths and have special "Van Heusen" collars and cuffs

Owing to its delicate orange flavour and lack of excessive sweetness, Cointreau has become one of the most popular liqueurs in London. It is delicious with coffee, fruit salad and grape fruit, while it is essential to many cocktails. Made by the well-known firm of Cointreau of Angers, it is shipped specially distilled Extra Dry for England

Delicious biscuits are always sure of a welcome all the year round, especially when they're Huntley and Palmer's. Savoury ones, such as Almond Cheese with salted almonds on the top, are excellent with cocktails, while Paris assorted and Van Tromp chocolate are just right for the tea-table

THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1935-6

DEC. 1, 1935	Musical Season opens with a Festival of French Music. RICHARD STRAUSS, KREISLER, RACHMANINOFF, LOTTE LEHMANN AND ELIZABETH SCHUMANN will appear during the Season, which lasts until April, in addition to those artistes specifically mentioned below.
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas. (During January M. SACHA GUITRY will give several special performances.)
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS.
	AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
JAN. 1, 1936	GALA CONCERT CONDUCTED BY TOSCANINI.
JAN. 3	Piano Recital by M. Vladimir Horowitz.
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 18	Classical Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20	Grand Concert with M. Gregor Piatigorsky.
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 22	Classical Concert, with M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 24	Violin Recital by M. Jacques Thibaud.
JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA—SEASON OPENS WITH WAGNER'S "RING," IN GERMAN, BY THE BAYREUTH OPERA, UNDER FRANZ VON HOESSLIN. (Amongst other distinguished singers who will be heard during the Opera Season are LILY PONS, AUTORI AND CHALIAPINE.)
JAN. 29	Gala of Modern French Music, with Mme. Ida Rubinstein.
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the middle of February.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

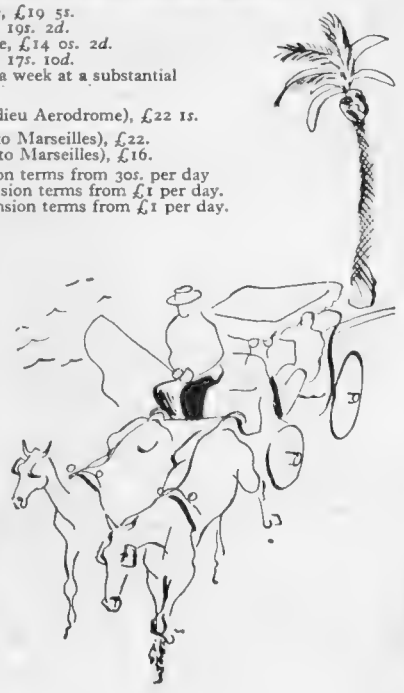
TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours). Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days). 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day
HOTEL HERMITAGE—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.



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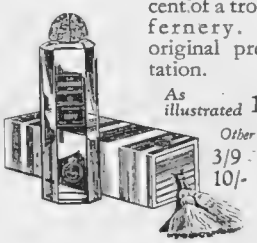

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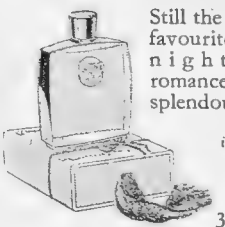

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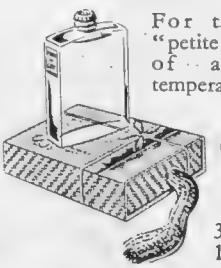

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C.F.H. 69

In view of how difficult it sometimes is to know what to give a man, Coty have designed a special gift case containing a tube of shaving cream, a bottle of hair-dressing and a bottle of after-shaving lotion, all for 8s. 9d. Then, for a woman, there is "A Suma," that exotic and unforgettable perfume

Instead of sending just a Christmas card, why not order the trio pictured above? There is "Grouse" whisky, "Pintail" sherry and "Quinta Santa Martha" port. The latter has a dry finish and possesses the well-known tonic properties of port. All three are made by Matthew Gloag and Son, Perth, Scotland

Children will love to visit the gift department at Woolland's, Knightsbridge, as the toys especially are simply fascinating. The book-ends in the group have china figures, and cost 19s. 6d. Standing behind is "Jolly Toddler," who is quite unbreakable and costs 6s. 11d., also his companion, "Baby," who is dressed in blue wool

Accessories always make ideal gifts, and Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing some ultra-smart bags for day and evening, including the one pictured, which is made of black corded silk with chromium initials. The ostrich-feather fan which accompanies it is available in lovely colours and costs 59s. 6d.

Discriminating smokers will appreciate the world-wide reputation that De Reszke cigarettes have won for themselves. There are Turkish and Virginian, Minor and Plain, while some are cork- and other ivory-tipped. In decorative Christmas packings, ready for posting, they are obtainable practically everywhere

There is nothing more refreshing than a soft drink made by Apollinaris. Lemon and Barley, which is bottled both as a squash and in sparkling form, is one of the new "Presta" drinks introduced this year. All aerated waters and fruit squashes are made only from ingredients of the highest quality, and under ideal conditions

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HIGHLY IMPORTANT JEWELS

from the collection of the late

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including a Ring set with a fine cabochon Emerald, a highly important Emerald-cut Diamond Ring, a superb octagonal Emerald Ring, a remarkable square-cut specimen Blue Diamond Ring, a magnificent cushion-cut Diamond Ring, a Ring mounted with a fine single bouton Pearl of unusual size, a fine Pearl Necklace and an exceptionally fine Necklace composed of forty-three graduated Emeralds carved as gourds.

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G. P. Estab. 1851

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WHAT could be more acceptable as a seasonable gift for your friends who ride or hunt — than something connected with this great sport?
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Ditto, with E.P. mount . **21/-**

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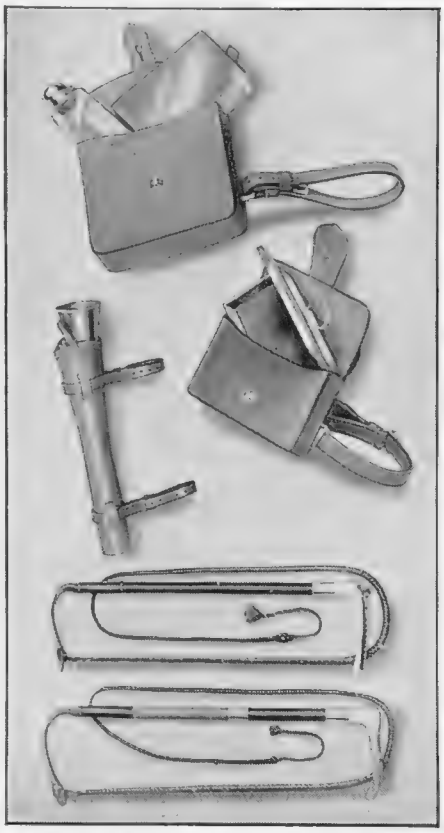

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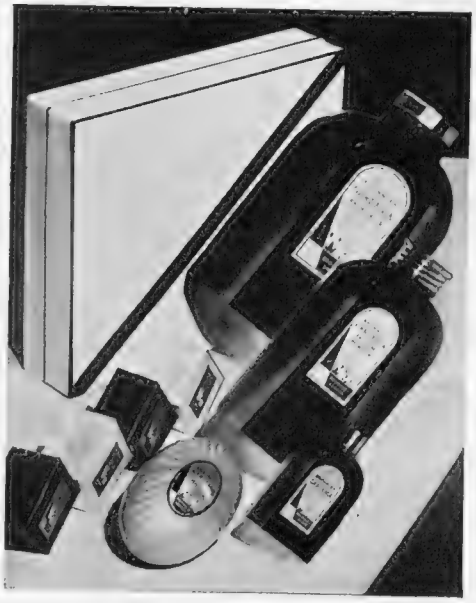
Also at 47, Berkeley Street, and 43, Kensington High Street, W.

A cape is something that every woman requires and appreciates. This charming one is carried out in shirred velvet with shaped frills and sash ends. The colour is black, though it can be made to order in other shades, and it costs 79s. 6d., at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

Everybody knows Gordon's special Dry Gin, but Gordon's Orange or Lemon Gin is something new and worthy of attention. Only the fresh fruit juice is used, and both drinks are rich in health-giving vitamins. The Lemon Gin contains slimming and vitalising properties

For cocktails and informal wear there could be nothing more suitable and becoming than this delightful lamé blouse from Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street. It has puff sleeves which are frilled like the neck, and is obtainable in either gold or silver for 29s. 6d.

Below: Gardenia is one of those perfumes that people never tire of, and Bronnley's have introduced it in a new series of Toilet preparations which include talcum powder, bath crystals, dusting powder, and a bottle of Gardenia perfume



Here is another lovely cape designed by Jay's, Regent Street. It is expressed in multi-coloured lamé lined with satin, and is cut with an adequate wrap. The monastic cowl can be worn either up or down and is softly draped

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Makes your Guests at Home

Ideal Warming provides not only for your own comfort, but for that of your guests as well. The spare rooms are always warm and well aired, hot water ready at bath and other taps, day and night. Every part of the house radiates comfort and hospitality. No other method of warming can give the same constant, trouble-free service at such low daily cost. It is clean, healthful and labour-saving, burns smokeless fuels, prevents frozen pipes.

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embody the results of over 40 years' research and manufacturing experience. Of scientific design, they extract the utmost heat from the fuel and distribute it to the greatest advantage. Architects and Hot-Water Engineers everywhere recommend and install them. Write for particulars of these and other Ideal Warming and Hot-Water Appliances: Booklet 7.H.27, post free.

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JESSIE MATTHEWS & SONNIE HALE
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★ ALSO ★
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Junr., and GORDON HARKER
in a scene from "The Amateur Gentleman," directed by Thornton Freeland.

MIDNIGHT
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4th
EMPIRE
LEICESTER SQUARE

After the Pheasants

At Lord Doverdale's Worcestershire Shoot

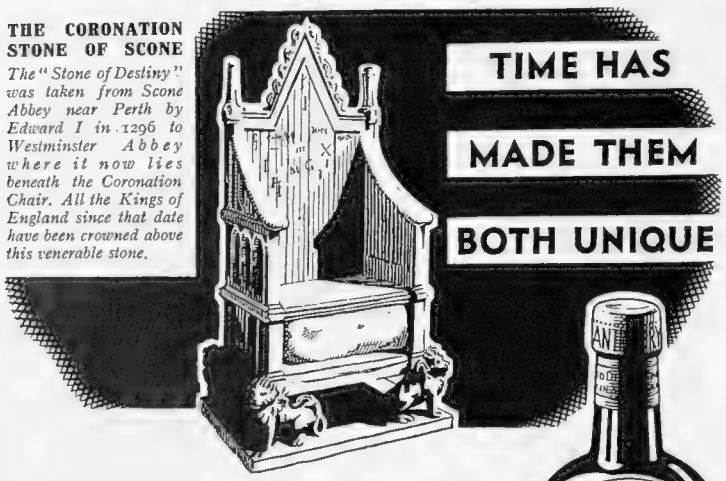
The Hon. Simon Ramsay

Above: Simon Ramsay is Lord Dalhousie's brother and came of age last month. He was shooting with his brother on Panmure, in Forfarshire

Left: Lord and Lady Doverdale watching Captain Harold Balfour, M.P., bring down a high pheasant. Lord Doverdale's place in Worcestershire is Westwood Park, near Droitwich. Captain Balfour was returned unopposed for Thanet

THE CORONATION STONE OF SCONE

The "Stone of Destiny" was taken from Scone Abbey near Perth by Edward I in 1296 to Westminster Abbey where it now lies beneath the Coronation Chair. All the Kings of England since that date have been crowned above this venerable stone.



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Good will, good cheer, good spirits—let the mature perfection of The "Antiquary" bring them to you this Christmas. There is no finer gift for your more discerning friends, to your own festive board it is indispensable. Equally good with water as with soda.

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Your shooting friend is probably arranging, or taking part in, a farmers' and tenants' day and you can't go wrong if you give him his favourite load.

You can give twenty-five or a thousand: 13/6 to 21/- per 100 from all dealers. Your friend's own dealer will tell you his usual cartridge and if we can help you with advice we shall be pleased to do so. A booklet describing the manufacture of a shotgun cartridge can be obtained from:—

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Room 171H, Imperial Chemical House,

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Cars with a Personality

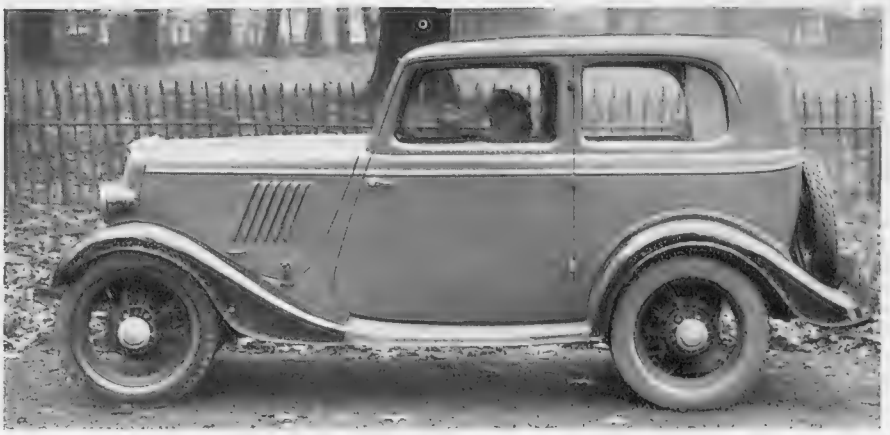
The £100 "Popular" Ford

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is not often that one can soberly and truthfully describe a car as being unique; but the £100 Ford undoubtedly is so. The price, for example, is almost unique in itself. Very few cars, of any description, have ever been sold before at this "magical" figure. At the present moment, if we exclude cycle-cars, there is certainly no other £100 car on the market. Moreover, there never has been another £100 saloon car, equipped with comfortable four-seater coachwork. Best of all, when one comes to drive this unique model, one can see at once that there is nothing especially "cheap" in its construction. It has not been "built down" to this particular price. It is, in fact, simply our old friend the "Popular" Ford, from the price of which the makers have miraculously been able to knock off £15. From £115 to £100—proportionately, it is a very big reduction.

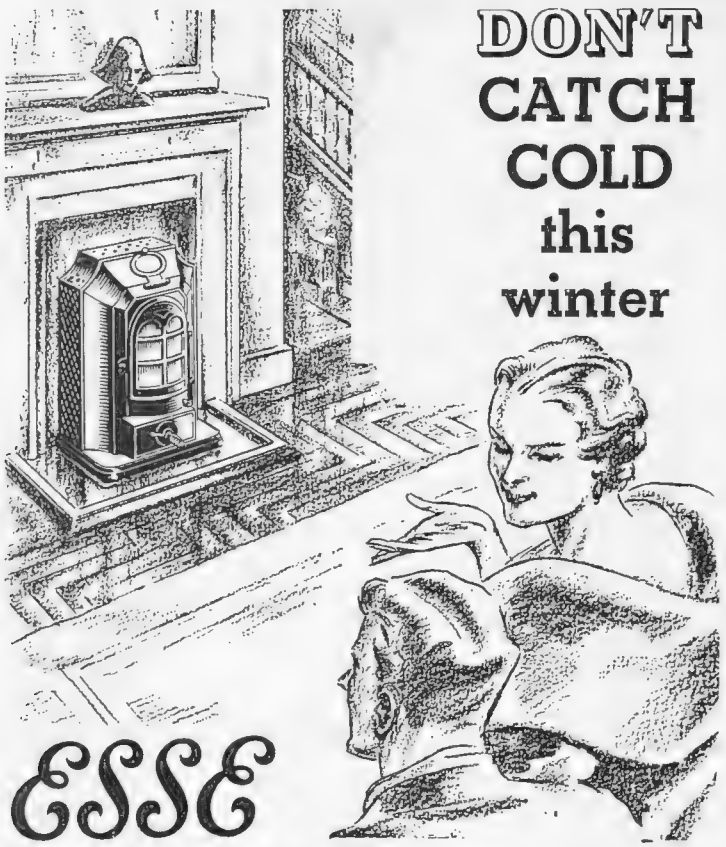
The engine is the well-tried 8-h.p.

(*Continued on page* vi)



Right: the £100 Ford is no "cheap" model, built only to sell at this magic figure. It is a well-tried and sturdy little car which, as the "Popular" 8-h.p. model, has been known to British motorists for some years past

Right: the saloon body is of the two-door type. Each door is of ample width, and this makes it exceptionally easy for passengers to get in and out



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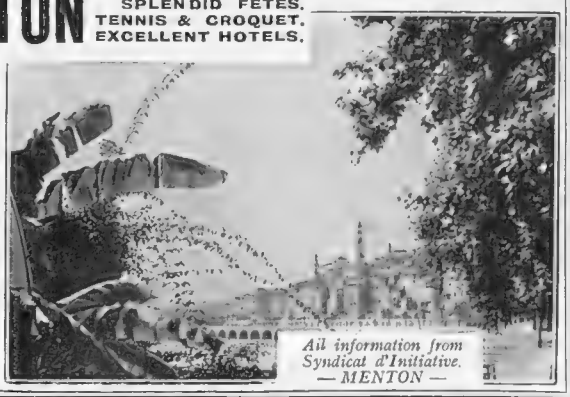

All information from Syndicat d'Initiative. — MENTON —

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

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ROLLS-ROYCE
The Best Car in the World
BUY 7

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Official Retailers for BENTLEY—the Silent Sports Car

Cars with a Personality

(*Continued from page* iv)

side-valve unit, which develops no less than 22 h.p. at its maximum speed. Naturally, it must be allowed to turn over fairly fast if the best results are to be obtained. When the lower gears are freely used there is plenty of acceleration and pulling power. With the same proviso, smoothness is also a notable feature.

In top gear, 50 m.p.h. does not seem too high a cruising speed, and the maximum is a good 60 m.p.h. I was actually able at one moment to see 65 m.p.h. on the speedometer. These are excellent figures, and there is a distinctly useful maximum of about 40 m.p.h. in second gear. I have mentioned that the gears should be used; but there is no difficulty about this. Second and top are synchro-mesh ratios, and first gear, when required, is likewise very simple to engage. Even the complete novice need have no apprehensions where this gear-box is concerned.

The controls and instruments are neatly grouped. The wireless set is an extra; but a very attractive one, which many owners will like to own

The saloon coachwork is of the two-door type, with front seats which fold forward to give access to the rear compartment. This arrangement has at least one advantage which is not generally recognised: it enables large articles of luggage to be got in and out a good deal more easily than is possible with the conventional four doors. The seating is comfortable; the car steers nicely, with a particularly good lock. The springing—of transverse type—is fairly good, and the braking rather notably so, with plenty of power very smoothly developed.

Altogether, the Ford salesman need have no fear of that rather irritating type of individual who asks of every low-priced article, "What's wrong with it?" The answer, in this case, is "Nothing!" Nothing is wrong, and many things are satisfyingly right.

A Correction

In our issue of November 13th, we published a photograph of the Sadler's Wells ballet *Façade*, in which the girl dancing the Debutante opposite Frederick Ashton was Molly Brown, and not, as we stated, Gwyneth Matthews, who takes another part in the ballet.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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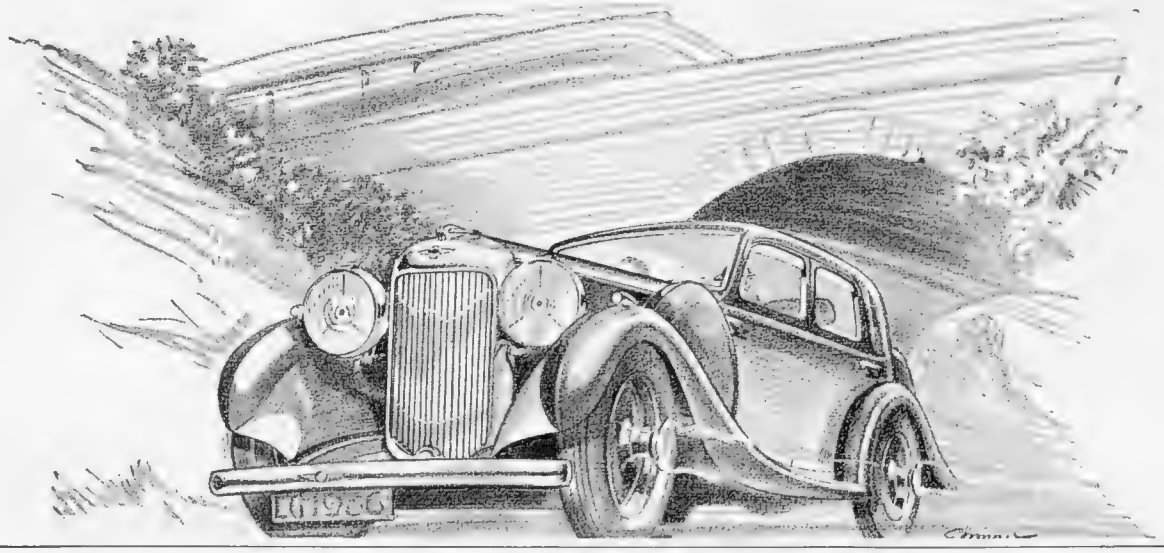
LAGONDA

One tires of speed, unless accompanied by the **refinements of silence, comfort and accommodation.** The new 4½-litre LAGONDA provides the fastest travel with these refinements. It is the most modern edition of a type which, for many years, the market has so sadly lacked.



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SHORTBREAD

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By Appointment

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH

By request you can have the large bottles 7/- and 14/- in this handsome pochette.

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Imagine Beauty given away — Yes! It is contained in every bottle of Scherk Face Lotion — the finest possible cleansing lotion and powder-base. Scherk Face Lotion makes the skin outwardly healthy, pure and firm, then it forces its way into the bottom of the pores, loosens blackheads and all impurities, animates the nourishing bloodstream and strengthens the tissues. — Put a bottle of Scherk Face Lotion on your Christmas list — you will make a gift of pleasure and delight for many weeks. A free sample will be forwarded to everyone sending 3d. to cover postage and packing to: Scherk, Grove Park, London S. E. 12.

Scherk
Face
Lotion

WHITE HEATHER HONEY SHERRY
12/6
Per Bott. Post Paid
126/-
Per Case Carriage Paid.

PURPLE HEATHER HONEY SHERRY
10/6
Per Bott. Post Paid
110/-
Per Case Carriage Paid.

Connoisseurs who enjoy the alluring charm of this wonderful wine, are high in its praise.

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Also at EDINBURGH, PAISLEY, AYR.

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Name .....

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Date .....1935.

The Editor's Box

Forerunners of Christmas

With the General Election behind us we can concentrate wholeheartedly on Christmas problems, which include the choosing of cards and calendars. In this respect news comes from the world-famous old firm of Raphael Tuck that they have once again been privileged to prepare and publish the Royal Christmas cards. The King's card shows the Silver Jubilee ceremony in Westminster Hall, and the Queen has again chosen a flower painting; while the Prince of Wales's card shows a picture of St. James's Palace. The Duke and Duchess of York have chosen a card showing Merrie England in days of old; the Duke and Duchess of Kent have selected a charming impression with a spring motif; and the Princess Royal's card is a most attractive picture of a flower garden. These cards are all, by Royal permission, reproduced for the use of the general public.

Calendars have always been a special feature of C. W. Faulkner and Co., Ltd., and this year they have, in addition to new cards and games, introduced many most attractive designs. All ages and all tastes are served, and there is the ideal Faulkner calendar for everyone.

Hunting Guides

Now that "them stinking wiolets," so abominated of Mr. Jorrocks, are things of the past, hunting folk have come into their own once more, and it is good to see how well their need for hunting information is served now that new editions of *The Hunting Diary and Guide* and *Baily's Hunting Directory* are on the market.

The new *Hunting Diary and Guide* has been considerably enlarged and improved, and deals with every possible matter of interest to hunting folk, including full reports of the sport shown by many packs last season. Its diary of sport for the hunting months, the pages of which are interleaved with blotting sheets, gives ample room for riders to hounds to record the sport they have enjoyed throughout the season. Published by Messrs. Walter Goldsmith and Co., Ltd., 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, its price is 5*s.* 6*d.*, post free.

The thirty-ninth edition of *Baily's Hunting Directory* is a veritable mine of information, and its 600 pages cover every branch of hunting, not only in the British Isles, the Commonwealths and Colonies, but also in many other parts of the world. Among its many features are brief histories and the latest data concerning no fewer than 563 Hunts, a review of the past season, reports of Hunt Associations' annual meetings, and huntsmen's records. Three hunt maps show the home foxhound countries and locate the different packs, and another interesting feature is the illustrations showing different hunt buttons. Details of hunt point-to-point steeplechases form another interesting section, and the Hunting Diary provides a ready means of noting engagements and chronicling the day's sport.

Baily's Hunting Directory is published by Messrs. Vinton and Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4, bound in cloth at 10*s.* 6*d.* net, and bound in leather at 15*s.* net.

"A Breath of Spring"

The attractive Christmas card which has been chosen by the Duke and Duchess of Kent this year. Like the other Royal cards, it has been issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd.

What could be better than to send the season's greetings with something for his wardrobe? If it is for him, choose "Aertex" underwear. It is made in many styles and a variety of weights and weaves. There are pyjamas, plain or striped, for 18s. 6d., and delightful tennis shirts for 8s.

Grown-ups as well as children take a delight in modelling with Harbutt's plasticine. It has a unique fascination and develops hidden talents, as with skill almost anything can be made. There is also Harbutt's new dart game, which is highly entertaining. Both are sold nearly everywhere

Gifts That Will Be Appreciated

Left: it is often difficult to know what to give a man, but there is one thing he will never tire of, and that is sherry. J. A. Bailey, of 68, Renfield Street, Glasgow, are offering their White Heather and Purple Heather Honey Sherry. Both are obtainable in single bottles or in cases

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
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BLACK NET IS HOODED

and made more romantic still by a sprinkling of gold on its transparency. This new version of the hooded cape, at 2 gns., vies with the rich velvets and soft chiffons already so eagerly adopted. See them also in the new colours at

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TRAVELLING BAG

In calf, with "zip" pocket at back for papers, etc. Two silk-lined pockets inside—one containing a silk-covered cushion, the other a lightweight rug to match outer case. Colours: brown, red, green and blue. Size (closed) 16 × 12 ins.

Price **£6.6.0**

Finnigans

17-20 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

Grown-ups, as well as kiddies, find inspiration in this wonderful modelling material. Plasticine is a fascinating hobby—see what *you* can make! Don't forget to put a box in the kiddies' stockings! From a penny to a guinea—obtainable everywhere.

Complete Modeller: **4/-**; Post free **4/6.**
Travel Box. **2/6, 7/6**; Post free **3/-** and **8/1.**
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• GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Peter North

Eleanor Linton Thorp

Is the only child of Mr. Linton Thorp, K.C., the Recorder for Saffron Walden and Maldon, and of Mrs. Linton Thorp, of Wisby, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, and is engaged to Harold Herbert Jordain Hobday, the only son of Mr. W. Herbert Hobday, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I., of Millbank House, Westminster, S.W.

Pearl Freeman

Arda Fortuyn Droogleever

Is the only daughter of Mrs. D. Fortuyn Droogleever, of Oakwood Court, Kensington; she is to marry Kenelm Clifton Johnson-Hill, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson-Hill, of Northlands, Cranbrook, Kent

Pearl Freeman

Irene Benson

Is the daughter of the late Mr. F. J. Benson, the well-known racehorse owner, and of Mrs. F. J. Benson, of 20, Grosvenor Square; she has announced her engagement to Frederick Charles Halse, the elder son of Colonel F.T. Halse, D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Halse, of Elmstead Grange, Chislehurst

Kay Vaughan

Monica Snow

Is the only daughter of the Rev. A. E. Snow, and of Mrs. Snow, of Watlington, Oxford, and she has announced her engagement to Anthony Pitt Cholmondeley, of the Gloucestershire Regiment, who is the only son of Major H. R. Cholmondeley, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Cholmondeley, of Slade End, Berks

Bassano

Joan Hutchinson

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Grice Hutchinson, of The Glebe, Upton-on-Severn, and she is to marry Thomas A. Robertson, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robertson, of Barrens, White Rose Lane, Woking, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Diana Owen

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Owen, of Ashley Gardens, S.W.; she is engaged to John Laurence Bidwell, Royal Artillery, the elder son of Surgeon-Com. Bidwell, R.N. (retd.), of Buckeridge Tower, Teignmouth, Devon

Pearl Freeman

Nina Heape

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. E. Ashton Heape of Harmony, The Highlands, Bexhill-on-Sea, and she is engaged to Dr. J. A. G. Carmichael, M.R.C.S., the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. D. Gordon Carmichael, of West Hill, Putney, S.W.15

Bassano

Moira MacDermot

Is the daughter of The MacDermot and Madam MacDermot of Coolavin, Ballaghadereen, Ireland; she is to marry W. Christie-Miller, Royal Ulster Rifles, the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Christie-Miller, of Stapeley House, Nantwich

Hay Wrightson

Elizabeth Gibbons

Is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Gibbons and of Mrs. Gibbons, of 91, Sloane Street, S.W.1; she is engaged to Lt.-Com. John E. Burstall, R.N., the elder son of the late Capt. John Burstall, and of Mrs. Burstall, of Hatfield Heath, Essex

Pearl Freeman

Helen Tyler

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Tyler, of St. Stephen's, Canterbury, and she has announced her engagement to Norman John Hulbert, M.P., the only son of the late Mr. N. Hulbert, and of Mrs. Hulbert, of Roedean, Sussex

Douglas

Marie Borrett

Is engaged to H. H. H. Helby, the youngest son of Captain W. H. Helby, R.N., and of Mrs. Helby, of Maelcombe House, East Prawle, South Devon; she is the daughter of Mr. Harold Giles Borrett, of 298, Finchley Road, Hampstead, and the late Mrs. Borrett

Lenare

Mildred Stephenson

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Stephenson, of Kirk Ella, East Yorkshire, and has announced her engagement to Patrick Gordon Cumming, the youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. John Cumming, whose home is in Hull

Hughes — Gordon

Godfrey Hughes, the son of the Rev. C. Worsley Hughes, of Eastbourne, and Jean Gordon, the daughter of the late Major-General L. A. C. Gordon, C.B., C.S.I., R.A., and of Mrs. Gordon, of 20, Watchbell Street, Rye, seen after their marriage at the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, Rye

Below: Captain N. M. Dillon, M.C., Royal Tank Corps, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Dillon, of Dene House, Seaham, and Miss M. M. Ellis, of the Palatine Hotel, Sunderland, and late of The Bungalow, Seaham, were married at St. Mary's Church, Old Seaham, Co. Durham

Dillon — Ellis

Pearce — Allan

William Alan Chaning Pearce, India Police, the son of the late Dr. C. Pearce, and of Mrs. Pearce, of Wellingborough, and Doris M. M. Allan, the eldest daughter of Mr. R. G. Allan, Commissioner of Rural Developments, Baroda, and Mrs. Allan, of North Castle Street, Edinburgh, were married at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh

Parkes — Elton

Left: Guy Parkes, of Darley Ash, Bovington, Herts, and Miss E. M. Elton, the daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Elton, and Mrs. Weekes, and step-daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral Victor Weekes, C.B., C.M.G., of The Hayes, Woodchester, Glos., were married in the Parish Church at Woodchester

Right: Sidney Rogerson, the eldest son of the Rev. S. Rogerson, of Hepworth, near Diss, and Nancy Winifred Allport, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Allport, of Lee, were married very quietly at Caxton Hall, Westminster. The bridegroom is Publicity Manager of Imperial Chemical Industries, Millbank

Rogerson — Allport

Hills — Chapman

Coleridge Eustace Hills, the eldest son of the late Judge Eustace Hills, K.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. Hills, and Bridget Muriel Chapman, the only child of the late Mr. W. Chapman, and of Mme. de Soriano, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, S.W.

Greig — Grant

Richard Morland Greig, the youngest son of the late Major Morland Greig, and of Mrs. Morland Greig, of Little Quarme, Somerset, and Diana Grant, the second daughter of Admiral Sir Heathcoat and Lady Grant, of Boath, Nairn, were married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley St.

Leigh — Hayes

Humphrey de Verd Leigh, the youngest son of Canon and Mrs. de Verd Leigh, of Oatlands Vicarage, Weybridge, and Johanna Whitfield Hayes, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Whitfield Hayes, of Fingal, Hersham, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

Cox-Anderson

Trenchard Cox, the son of the late Mr. W. P. Cox, and of Mrs. Cox, of 23, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and Mary Desirée Anderson, the daughter of the late Sir Hugh Anderson, and of Lady Anderson, of 47, North Gate, Regent's Park, N.W., were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 27—December 3

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Irvine's comedy has a "to-work-or-not-to-work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—Greer Garson makes an excellent "butterfly" in this Divorce Court play revived Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Duke of York's, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microscosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud takes Romeo's part from Laurence Olivier who becomes Mercutio (this on November 28th); Peggy Ashcroft remains the perfect Juliet: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews and Ursula Jeans all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A beautifully acted production of Tchekov's melancholy play, with Marie Ney, Vivienne Bennett and Nancy Hornsby as the sisters: Old Vic, 8 (except Mondays). Sat., 2.30 to November 30th.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence; headmen are Malcolm Keen and Wyndham Goldie: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

VICKY.—Bernard Merrivale wrote it; Aileen Marson, Barbara Everest, A. Scott-Gatty and Jack Melford are in it: Garrick.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 68.—Meggie Eaton, Doris Barry sing; so do Geoffrey Denton and Doreen Dalton; Ivor Beddoes, Bobbie Stuart and Frederick Hargreaves dance; and Eric Barker and Ken Blain are humorists: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

"RIVALS!"—This musical version of Sheridan's play is witty and the tunes are good; Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French are in it: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Ruritania musicality, with Ramon Novarro and Doris Kenyon as stars: His Majesty's.

SEEING STARS.—New musical comedy, with Riviera atmosphere and a big company, including Leslie Henson, Florence Desmond, and Louise Brown: Gaiety, 8.15.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best things in it: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Stevé Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSIDE STAND.—A Wodehouse crook play for Ralph Lynn, plus Olive Blakeney: Saville, 8.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: now transferred to St. James's.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

OUR OWN LIVES.—More family trouble from Gertrude Jennings, chiefly made by Irene Vanbrugh, Laura Cowie, Lady Tree: Ambassadors, to-night.

MACBETH.—The Old Vic production starts on December 2nd.

CINEMAS

BROADWAY GONDOLIER.—Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are teamed up in this musical, which tells how a taxi driver becomes a radio star: Regal.

COME OUT OF THE PANTRY.—Jack Buchanan and Fay Wray keep the ball rolling well in a new musical farce: London Pavilion.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

FIRST A GIRL.—Jessie Matthews in her first film since *Evergreen*; Sonnie Hale, Griffith Jones, Anna Lee and Alfred Drayton lend good support: New Gallery.

LA BANDERA.—Annabella is in this melodrama with a Spanish setting, and Jean Gabin plays opposite her: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is spectacular, and even some Shakespeare fans like it: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—A drama of the old Russia, with Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward: Leicester Square Theatre.

OUR LITTLE GIRL.—Shirley Temple again disburses sunshine and love on a troubled domestic scene. Also CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT: Capitol.

SCROOGE.—Seymour Hicks takes the name part in the latest version of Dickens' famous Christmas tale: Plaza (starting November 29th).

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS.—Claudette Colbert at her best in an entertaining story: Empire.

STORM OVER ASIA.—Pudovkin's film starts a season of memorable Soviet pictures: Forum, Villiers Street.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

THE TUNNEL.—A strong story of big finance, engineering marvels, and heroism. A notable cast is headed by Richard Dix and Leslie Banks: Tivoli.

(*Continued on page* F)

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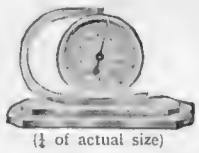

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HAUNTED BALLROOM, BAISER DE LA FÉE, RIO GRANDE: December 3rd, 8.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Adrian Boult conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 104, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (Myra Hess), Schumann's First Symphony, Bliss' Music for String Orchestra: Queen's Hall, November 27th, 8.30.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC.—Furtwangler conducts two concerts:

Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, Schubert's Symphony in C major, Stravinsky's "Firebird," "Tannhauser" Overture: Queen's Hall, November 29th, 8.15.

Handel's Concerto Grosso in D, Sibelius' Symphony No. 7, Weber's "Euranthe" Overture, Brahms' Symphony No. 1: Queen's Hall, November 30th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Harty conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 30, Bizet's Symphony in C major, Dvorak's Symphony No. 2: Queen's Hall, December 2nd, 8.15.

Recitals

ETIENNE AMYOT: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

MYRA HESS: Queen's Hall, November 30th, 3.

(Continued from page D)

JOSEF HOFMANN: Wigmore Hall, November 30th, 3.15.

YEHUDI MENUHIN: Albert Hall, December 1, 3.

KEITH FALKNER and the GRILLER QUARTET, "British Artists'" Concert: Hyde Park Hotel, December 1st, 9.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION.—Royal Academy, Burlington House, from November 28th.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—*Un Peu de Paris* is the new show here; Syd Lipton plays dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

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RITZ.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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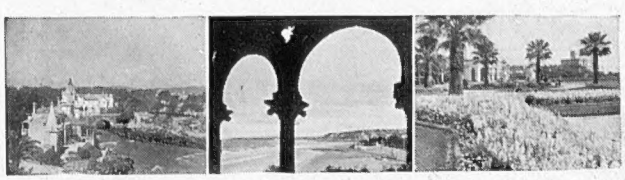

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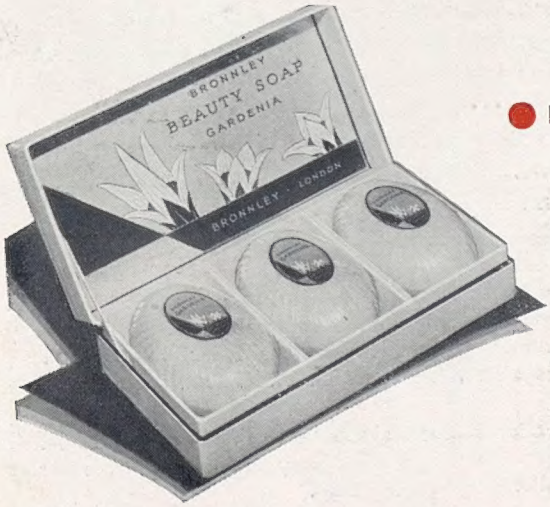

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IF you order now, your good friend Mr. Newsagent will be able to send your Christmas Number by the next messenger. It IS necessary to do this because so many people feel that it is not quite like Christmas without a Christmas Number in the house. Then, when you and your guests find time to rest and read awhile, it will be a delightful change to acquire a friendly chair and enjoy the Christmas Number of

The BYSTANDER

The Bystander Christmas Number contains the work of many distinguished authors and artists. Margery Sharp, Nicholas Blake, Claudia Parsons, Peter Belloc, Josephine Blumenfeld and Milward Kennedy are among the notable writers who have contributed short stories with decorations by our foremost illustrators. These include Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I., Clark Fay, John Reynolds and Keith Bryant.

Three of the greatest wits of to-day :—
A. G. Macdonell, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Maurice Lane-Norcott have written stories and articles, and a number of pages in black and white and colour illustrate the originality and diversity of the best humorous artists. Walter Goetz, Patrick Bellew, Frank Ford, Hailstone, Ian Fenwick and Nicolas Bentley are some of them.

Charming decorative pages include the work of Rojan, Relf, A. K. Macdonald and two Royal Academy Exhibitors, Miss Anna Zinkeisen and Miss Veronica Burleigh.